



No. 278.—VOL. XXII.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 1898.

SIXPENCE.

By Post, 6½d.



A BUNCH OF YORK ROSES.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUNN AND STUART, RICHMOND.

"NOW IS THE STATELY COLUMN BROKE."—SCOTT.

THE PASSING OF GLADSTONE.

From the beginning of the present year it was evident that Mr. Gladstone's days were numbered. About the middle of January a leading journal gave some particulars regarding the aged statesman's condition, which were very nearly, if not altogether, the subject of some acrimonious controversy. But, although "authorised" reports bravely prophesied smooth things, the public mind straightway began to reconcile itself to the painful truth that the parting was at hand. Mr. Gladstone's enjoyment of his last sojourn on the Continent was seriously marred by constant pain, but it was not until his removal to Bournemouth that the symptoms revealed the true nature of the disorder. On March 6 Mr. Gladstone was strong enough to attend divine service at St. Swithin's Church, Bournemouth. It was his last church-going. Rapidly his strength declined, and the doctors in attendance pronounced the local malady fatal. This was communicated to the sufferer, who received the news thankfully. Twice or three times since the 6th, Mr. Gladstone was able to go out in the sunshine, but, as this became less possible, he longed for Hawarden. His departure accordingly took place somewhat hurriedly, and at Bournemouth Station Mr. Gladstone may be said to have spoken his last public word, when he affectionately blessed the assembled onlookers.

For a short time the change to Hawarden seemed to have done good; Mr. Gladstone occasionally walked out and enjoyed some cheerful society. More and more, however, as his strength decayed, he relinquished his ordinary habits of life. He ceased work entirely, and after April 18 he was confined to his room. Happily, medical skill had been able in great measure to alleviate the pain, which was hardly ever present during the last fortnight. To arrest the decay of strength, however, was beyond the physician's art. Farewells with such friends as Lord Rosebery and Mr. Morley were taken. Still, there was hopeful

talk of the venerable life being spared till late in summer, but on May 17 this was plainly seen to be delusive. An increased failure of strength warranted the summoning of the family to Hawarden, and then began the long watch of nearly thirty-six hours so devotedly kept by Mrs. Gladstone and her children. At five o'clock on the morning of May 19 the end came peacefully. The intimation occasioned a great outburst of world-wide sympathy with the bereaved. With regret for a leader fallen was mingled the desire to show the departed such honour as earth might still afford. "It must be the Abbey," said the general voice, and, though relatives might wish a quiet laying to rest at Hawarden, the nation's heart felt that Gladstone must sleep only with the nation's mightiest dead. On the 20th, when Parliament met, panegyrics were pronounced by Mr. Balfour and Sir William Harcourt in the House of Commons, and by Lord Salisbury, Lord Kimberley, the Duke of Devonshire, and Lord Rosebery in the Upper Chamber. An Address to the Queen was formally moved by Mr. Balfour in the one House and by Lord Salisbury in the other petitioning a public funeral for Mr. Gladstone and a monument in Westminster Abbey.

"THE PLACE THAT KNEW HIM."

The House of Commons has shown its appreciation of Mr. Gladstone's greatness by voting to him higher honours than its journals record since the days of Chatham and Pitt. In the case of most of our statesmen the memorial statue or bust has been provided by private subscription. Only three of the Queen's Prime Ministers—Peel, Palmerston, and Disraeli—have been honoured by public monuments, and these three were, at the time of death, in one House or the other at the head of a great Party in the State. To find a precedent for both a public funeral and a public monument, the Government went back to the death of the younger

Pitt, and the honour in Mr. Gladstone's case is the greater seeing that, unlike Pitt, he had retired from public life and Parliament. The last statesman buried in the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, Westminster, as the Abbey is properly called in the formal resolution of the House of Commons, was Lord Palmerston, who died while in office at the head of the Government. In offering this last mark of respect to the most illustrious Parliamentarian of the century, the Commons have done honour to themselves. The four years that have passed since Mr. Gladstone's retirement have made them realise his greatness more and more clearly, and rarely in their annals have they united in honouring any man with so much earnestness. It has been a profound satisfaction to the Liberal Party to find their old leader so thoroughly appreciated by the Unionist Government, and it is admitted that the motion could not have come with better grace from any opponent than from Mr. Arthur Balfour, who ever showed true respect for Mr. Gladstone, and who was described by that great man as his friend even in times of fierce political animosity.

There never was a more pathetic and impressive scene in the House of Commons than was witnessed on Thursday, when the House met only to adjourn. Eloquent and eulogistic as were the speeches on Friday, they were equalled as a tribute of respect to the late statesman by the reverently silent attitude of the House on the day of his death.

There were at one time two of Mr. Gladstone's sons with him in the House of Commons. His

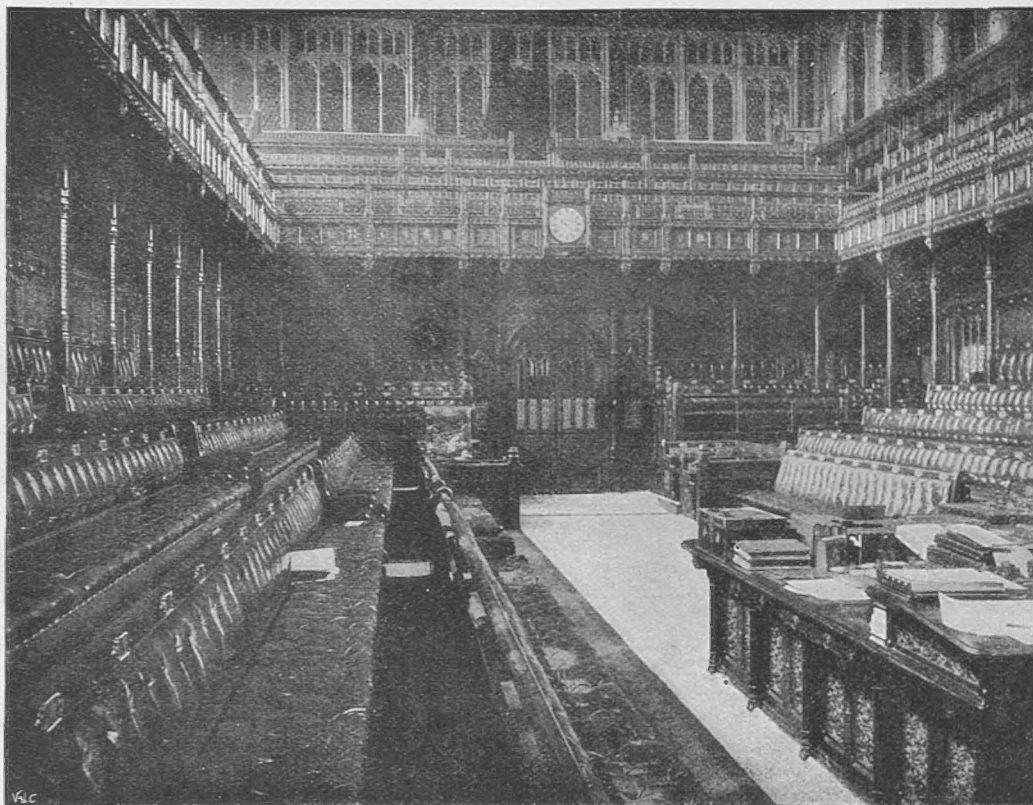
eldest son, Mr. W. H. Gladstone, who died in 1891, was a member for twenty years. He was a Lord of the Treasury in his father's first Government, but he took little part in Parliamentary debate. He was of a retiring disposition, and it became almost his habit to leave the House when the great Liberal chief rose to address it. Mr. Herbert Gladstone, the fourth son of the statesman, has been a member for Leeds since 1880. He made his maiden speech in the same debate as the present Sir Stafford Northcote, the father of the one being at the time Prime Minister,

and the father of the other being leader of the Opposition. Mr. Herbert Gladstone has held several public offices, and, although overshadowed by his father, has given proof of political ability.

GLADSTONE AND THE PRESS.

In his life Mr. Gladstone seemed to possess some magical faculty of creating what we familiarly call "records." The power bids fair to live after him, and in the stream of "Gladstone" publications now flowing from the Press we have ample corroboration of this. Lives, special numbers, memoirs of all conceivable kinds, crowd in upon us, and in every case there has been a special effort after excellence. It is the inevitable echo of that unique personality. Among noticeable Lives a prominent place is taken by "Gladstone, Statesman and Scholar," an exhaustive volume published by Messrs. Ward and Lock. The story is told with freshness and vigour. There are numerous interesting illustrations, including portraits of Mr. Gladstone at various periods, and views of places with which he was intimately connected. The book has been edited by Mr. David Williamson, but the bulk of the work is by the hand of the late Mr. G. R. Emerson, with additions by Mr. Ronald Smith.

The *Illustrated London News* issues a Gladstone Number, containing a brilliant account of the great statesman's life and political career from the pen of Mr. H. W. Massingham. Abundant illustrations commemorate all the most interesting events of Mr. Gladstone's life; he is shown in the senate and the domestic circle, in youth, middle-age, and in his latest days. Particularly noteworthy is the *facsimile* of his letter on the Jubilee of the *Illustrated London News*. A splendid coloured portrait of Mr. Gladstone (after Mr. H. Weigall's Academy picture) is presented with the number.



"THE PLACE THAT HAS KNOWN HIM SHALL KNOW HIM NO MORE."
From "Gladstone, Statesman and Scholar," By David Williamson. (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

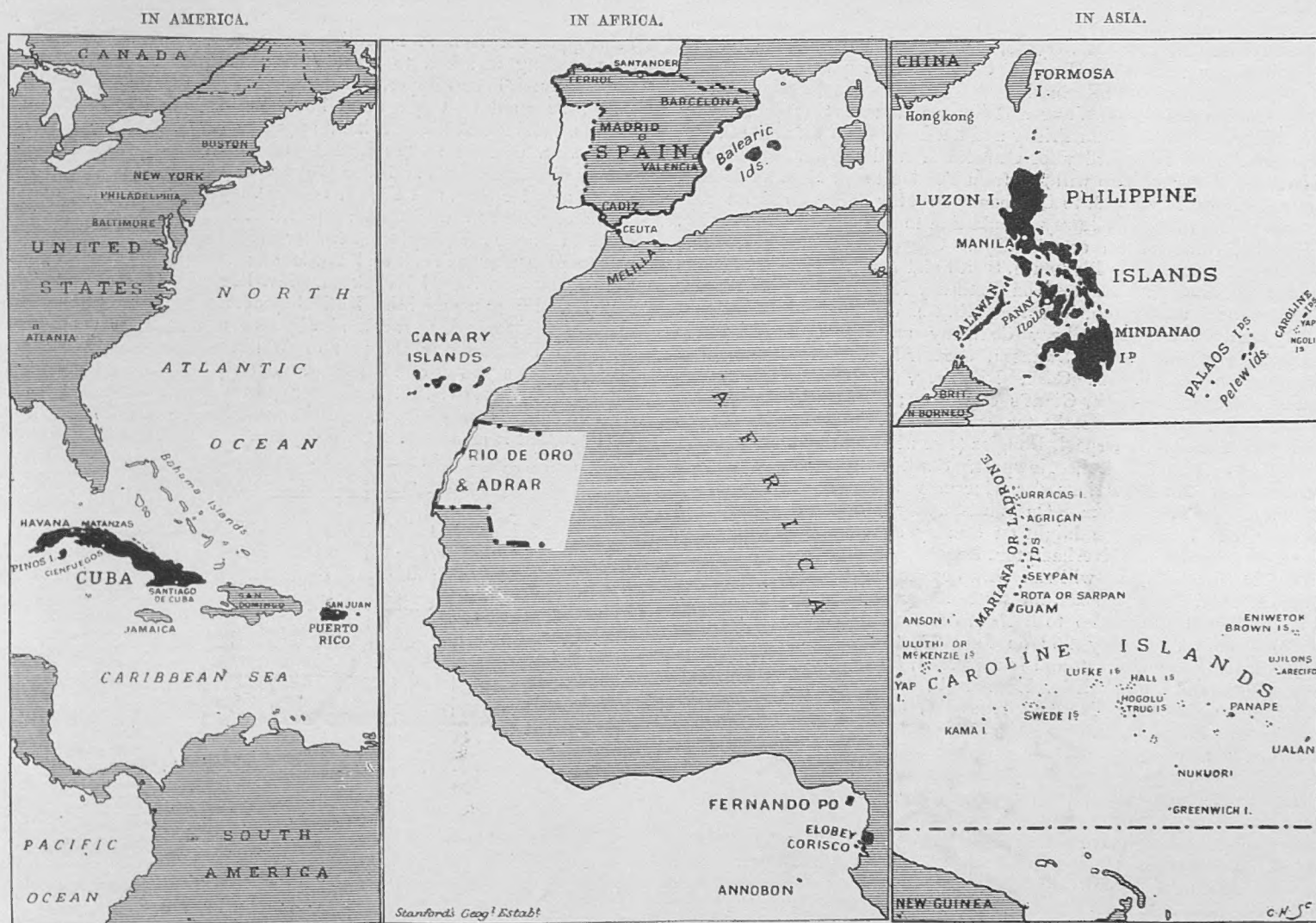
WHAT SPAIN WILL PROBABLY LOSE BY THE WAR.

The principle of "degeneration" applies to nations. The Roman Empire has disappeared. The magnificent Spanish realm that was founded by Ferdinand and Isabella, and made glorious by Charles V., has sunk to insignificant proportions and seems doomed to disappear. The English-speaking race—English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Australian, American, Canadian—call it by a hundred names, in spite of jealousies, bickerings, and perfervid nationalism, has the immediate future in the palm of its hand. The United States must be the victors in the present war, although Spain will be but carrying on the traditions of her national history if to infinite bravery she also adds infinite procrastination and declines even for a year to know that she is beaten.

To the victors the spoils—and the United States will be well advised to add the Spanish colonies to her own possessions, excepting Ceuta and Melilla, which we might purchase from Spain and America conjointly when peace is declared. The Spanish colonies have all been misgoverned for years—misgoverned by a nation which is built up upon obsolete conditions. Our American cousins will bring these colonies in line with newer ideas of government, and will make them happier countries to

the West Indian possessions, and the sugar and hemp industries, even under their present conditions, bring in a substantial revenue. There are also prospects of payable mineral developments. If the United States, as the result of the present war, decides not to retain the Philippines, it is highly probable that there may be an active competition to secure these possessions, though both in the East and West Indies the native question, in whatever state of liberty the negroes are, presents a most unattractive appearance. South-east of the Philippines lie the scattered islands of the Sulu Archipelago, the Mariana Islands, and the Carolines and Palaos, Spain's title to which was allowed recently by Germany after Papal arbitration.

Coming nearer home, we find Spain's footholds challenged by other enemies than the Americans. A little north of the Equator, on the coast of the French Congo, Spain claims the land lying round the River Muni, her claim to Corisco Bay having been yielded up to France in 1891. She, however, retains San Juan, the islands of Elobey and Annobon, together with Fernando Po, though how long the forward colonial policy of our neighbours will allow her to keep these minor



WHAT SPAIN STANDS TO LOSE BY THE WAR: HER COLONIES IN ASIA, AFRICA, AND AMERICA.

live in. Let, therefore, the Spanish West Indies, the Philippines, and the Canaries go to the United States. That is a consummation which every man and woman of English-speaking race should desire.

Since the South American States revolted against the Mother Country, in the first quarter of this century, Spain has ceased to hold any extensive body of colonial territory, and now all that she possesses are isolated fragments, which, though extremely valuable in themselves, are more attractive to other Powers than sources of strength and emolument to herself. In the West Indies she still holds Cuba and Porto Rico, possessing together a population of under two millions and a half upon a territory of over 45,000 square miles. Cuba, though rich in its exports of tobacco and sugar, and in its resources of iron, manganese, and copper ores, is chiefly remarkable for its debt, which amounts to above seventy millions sterling. This sum bears to the revenue of the island the ratio of 17 to 1, while the corresponding figures for the United Kingdom are 5 to 1. The problem of this burden of debt is one of the many Herculean tasks which the United States will have to assume if Cuba passes into their hands. Porto Rico, with a more peaceful record, is in a better financial condition, and, as a large producer of sugar and coffee, it is a desirable adjunct to a well-directed Colonial Power.

In the East Indies, Spain has the Philippines, with a population of seven millions. The Philippines are no less rich in natural wealth than

possessions is doubtful. Passing northward, we find Spain enjoying a strip of territory lying along the coast between Capes Blanco and Bojador. Over this country, with the interior of Adrar, a protectorate was declared in 1884, but its hinterland is extremely limited, and, though some recognition is given to it in the French maps, it is the only barrier between the sea and the tremendous sweep of the Sahara which is generally coloured as French. (The inner extension of Adrar shown in the accompanying map is not generally recognised.)

There still remain the Canary Islands, which Spain seems determined to keep. Ever since the first hints of the war, fortifications have been in progress, and cannon and ammunition in large quantities have been imported from Spain. A large body of soldiers is maintained in all the principal towns, and the latest information shows that no efforts are being spared to make the islands invulnerable; but if at Santa Cruz, why not at Manila? Rounding the coast of Africa, we find Spain in possession of forts and islands lying off the north of Morocco. Of these, Ceuta and Melilla have an especial interest for us. It has been strongly maintained that, to render Gibraltar of any service to us, we cannot suffer either of these towns to pass into the hands of a strong Power. Ceuta's position gives it almost as commanding a relation to the straits as Gibraltar has, and Melilla must go with Ceuta, or our advantages in Gibraltar will be almost wholly nullified.

WHERE TO GO AT WHITSUNTIDE.

For the now rapidly approaching Whitsuntide holidays the railway companies offer even more than the usual facilities to intending travellers. The Brighton and South Coast Railway Company announces that the availability of the special cheap week-end tickets issued on May 27, 28, and 29 to and from London and the seaside will be extended for return up to and including Wednesday, June 1. On May 28, special cheap eight, ten, fifteen, or seventeen days' return tickets will be issued from London to the seaside. To Caen for Normandy and Brittany, special cheap tickets will be issued on May 25, 27, and 28. On May 28 a fourteen-day excursion to Paris by the picturesque route through Normandy, via Dieppe and Rouen, will be run from London. On Whit-Sunday and Monday, day trips at excursion fares will be run from London to Brighton, Hove, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Lewes, Tunbridge Wells, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings.

The South-Eastern Railway Company announces cheap excursions on Whit-Sunday and Whit-Monday to Tunbridge Wells, Hastings, Ashford, Canterbury, Deal, Walmer, Ramsgate, Margate, Hythe, Sandgate, Folkestone, Dover, Gravesend, Rochester, Chatham. The cheap Friday, Saturday, or Sunday to Monday tickets to and from the seaside issued on May 27, 28, and 29 will be available for the return journey on Wednesday, June 1. The Continental services will be as usual. Tickets available to return by certain trains on the 8th, 10th, 15th, or 17th day, are issued on Saturday, May 28, and every Saturday during the season, to Hastings and St. Leonards, Hythe, and Sandgate. An excursion will run to Boulogne, leaving Charing Cross at 2.45 p.m. on Saturday, May 28, returning on Whit-Monday.

The London and South-Western Railway announces that special extra trains will leave Waterloo on Friday and Saturday for Christchurch and Bournemouth, and on Saturday for Camelford, Wadebridge, Bodmin, and Ilfracombe. A special trip will run from London to St. Malo on Friday, to Havre on May 27 and 28, to Cherbourg on May 28, and special day-light trip to Guernsey and Jersey, in addition to the usual night service, on May 28, returning on certain days. Cheap excursions will leave Waterloo on Thursday for Plymouth, South and North Devon, Salisbury, Marlborough, Swindon, &c., and on Saturday four-days' excursions are announced for Southampton, Bournemouth, &c.

The Great Western Railway Company announces excursions to Chepstow, Newport, Cardiff, Swansea, Carmarthen, Milford, and other stations in South Wales; Cork, Killarney, Waterford, Tipperary, Limerick, Belfast, Armagh, Giant's Causeway; Newbury, Yeovil, and other Western centres, Dorchester, Weymouth, Weston-Super-Mare, Plymouth, Penzance, Liverpool, Douglas (Isle of Man); and on Saturday midnight to Bath, Bristol, Newport, Cardiff, Swansea, &c. On Saturday, May 28, excursions for Guernsey and Jersey will leave at 8.50 a.m. and at 9.15 p.m. On Whit-Sunday a cheap train will run to Swindon, &c., and at midnight on Sunday an excursion will run to Oxford, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, &c.

The Midland Company will run cheap excursion trains from London to Dublin, Cork, Killarney, &c., for sixteen days, on Thursday, May 26, and on Friday, May 27; also to Belfast, Londonderry, and Portrush for Giant's Causeway, on May 26; on May 27, to Liverpool, Southport, Blackpool, the Lake District, and Isle of Man, for four, eight, eleven, or fifteen days, and to Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, &c., returning the following Tuesday, Thursday, or Saturday. On Whit-Monday, May 30, to St. Albans, Harpenden, Luton, &c., for one day; to Birmingham, for one, four, or five days; and to Manchester, for the races, on Thursday (midnight), June 2, returning Saturday, June 4.

The Great Northern Railway Company announces that, on May 27, cheap excursions of from four to sixteen days' duration will leave London for Northallerton, Darlington, Richmond, Durham, Newcastle, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness, and other stations in Scotland. On May 28 cheap fast excursions (for three, six, and eight days) will also leave London for Cambridge, Peterborough, Lynn, Norwich, Cromer, Yarmouth, Leicester, Lincoln, Nottingham, Derby, Burton, Sheffield, Manchester, Liverpool, Bridlington, Scarborough, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, and other principal stations in the Lincolnshire, Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and North-Eastern districts, also (for one, three, or four days) to Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, and Mablethorpe, and a two-days' excursion on June 2 to Manchester for the races.

The Zealand Steamship Company announces through tickets and registration of luggage to the principal stations on the Continent via the Queenborough and Flushing Royal Dutch Mail, making its journey twice daily in each direction. Through communications between Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Queenborough, via Willesden Junction and Ilorne Hill, without touching London. Apply for time-tables, &c., to the Zealand Steamship Company's London Office, 44A, Fore Street, E.C., where circular tickets may be obtained at three days' notice.

The Great Eastern Railway Company announces cheap tickets, available for eight days, to Brussels during the week ending May 28, via Harwich and Antwerp. Passengers leaving London in the evening reach Brussels next morning, after a comfortable night's rest on board the steamer. For visiting The Hague, Amsterdam, and other parts of Holland, the Rhine, North and South Germany, and Bâle for Switzerland, special facilities are offered via the company's Royal Mail Harwich-Hook of Holland route, through carriages being run to Amsterdam and Berlin. The General Steam Navigation Company's fast steamers will leave Harwich on May 25 and 28 for Hamburg, returning May 29 and June 1.

"A RUNAWAY GIRL," AT THE GAIETY.

When Miss Winifred Gray attempted to run away from her convent in Corsica to avoid marriage with a young man whom she had never seen, she took a very rash step, the consequences of which might have been disastrous. Luckily, she ran away with some entirely respectable brigand minstrels, who took her to perform as singing-girl in Ajaccio, and there she met the young man, Mr. Guy Stanley, from whom she was running away. Of course, on such an accidental meeting neither guessed who was the other, and so they fell in love, and, being under Italian skies, even if of English blood, within ten minutes they had declared their mutual passion and agreed to marry one another. Of course, there were some obstacles, such, for instance, as the fact that he had no money, and that the band required two thousand francs as condition of consenting to the marriage of its ward, and suggested that breach of the condition would cause ill blood between Guy and the band, which would involve some blood-shedding. So, as Winifred had found one running away a success, she wanted a second, and proposed to Guy that they should bolt to Venice. They bolted. Since, apparently, there is an every half-hour steam-boat service between Ajaccio and Venice, the band, in full pursuit, reached the city of gondolas but a few minutes after the fugitives, while the guardians of Winifred, in search of the runaway heiress, also came to the Gem of the Adriatic, together with a host of other English people whose exact relation to hero and heroine I need not specify.

The band of brigand minstrels promptly made it clear to Guy that, unless he paid promptly the two thousand francs, the marriage would be stopped for lack of a bridegroom, and it gave orders to Flipper, an unwilling member, to murder Guy unless the money were paid punctually. Poor Flipper, a jockey posing as courier and sweetheart of Alice, the maid of Guy's aunt, had become member of the band by accident, and found himself in an appalling dilemma. However, it was clear that, as soon as the identity of Winifred was established, the money could be found, and then Guy could pay the band and the band would play for Guy, and Flipper could marry Alice.

It may not be a very thrilling plot, but it enables the management to exploit a clever company, to introduce pretty scenes and gorgeous dresses, and to give plenty of tuneful music cleverly orchestrated by Mr. Ivan Caryll and Mr. Lionel Monckton. Mr. Edmund Payne, who was very funny as Flipper, and Miss Katie Seymour, who acts with point and dances exquisitely, had the lion's share of the applause. Miss Ellaline Terriss is delightful in the part of Winifred. Miss Connie Ediss, as usual, makes a "hit," and her song, "Society," will go round the town. Miss Ethel Haydon, in too small a part, sang charmingly; Mr. Fred Wright danced amazingly. Indeed, the obvious criticism upon "A Runaway Girl" is that it monopolises too many clever people, who, in consequence, have no fair scope for their talents.

MIDLAND RAILWAY FOOTBALL LEAGUE.

I have on various occasions referred to the close association existing between the Midland Railway Company and its employees, one of the notable evidences of which was the building of the spacious institute at



MR. E. W. WELLS.



MIDLAND RAILWAY FOOTBALL LEAGUE CHALLENGE CUP.

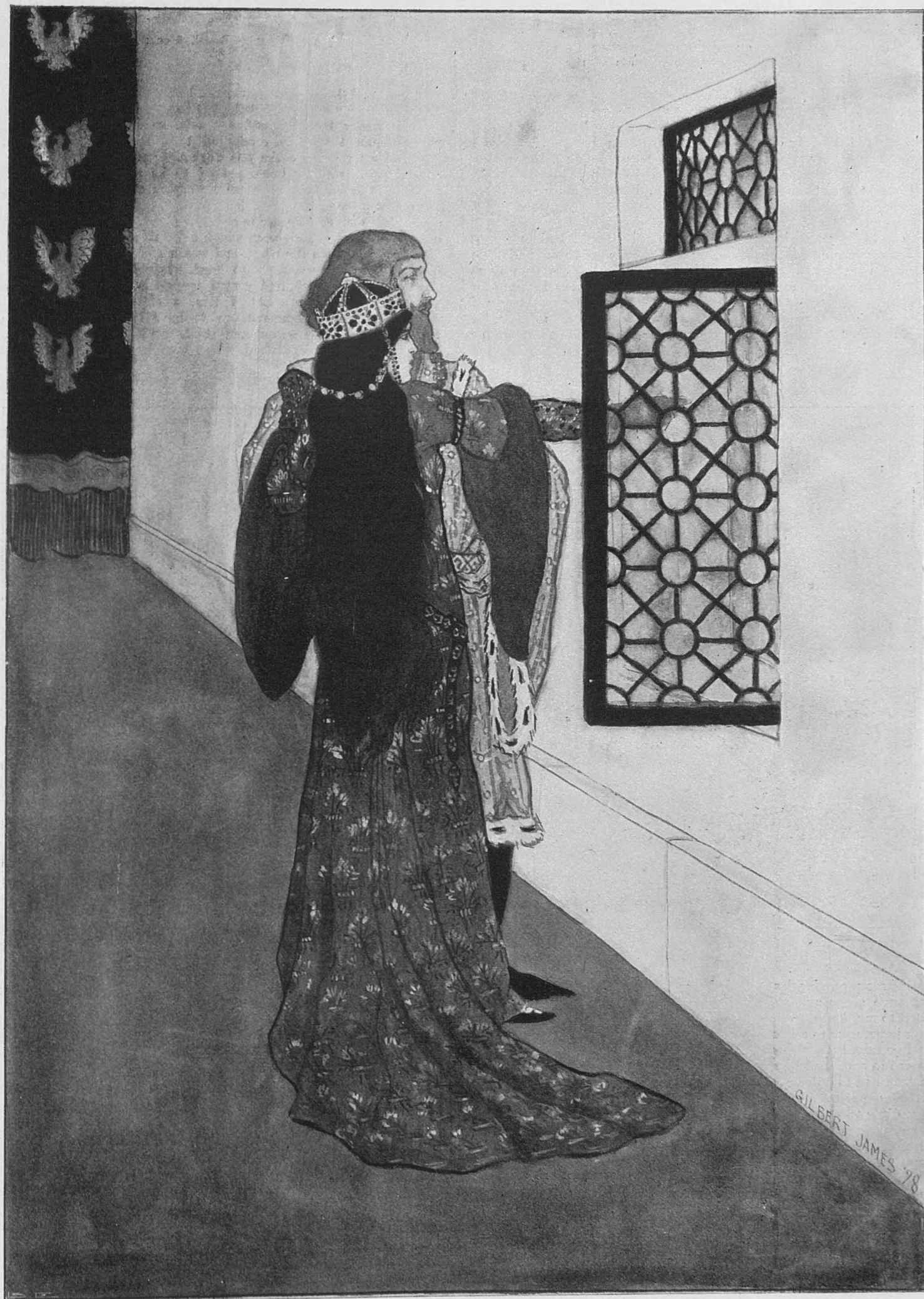


MR. G. H. TURNER.

Derby to provide for the recreation of the staff during their hours of leisure by means of a large library, reading-room, news-room, billiard-room, and coffee-room.

A further illustration of this cordial feeling was supplied two winters ago, when the company, principally through the energy of Mr. E. W. Wells, the Assistant General Manager, established a football league, comprehending teams representing the principal departments at Derby.

A very successful football season was brought to a close on Friday last by a smoking concert held at the St. James's Hotel, Derby. Mr. G. H. Turner, the General Manager, occupied the chair, and was supported by many officers and representatives of the company, numbering in all about three hundred. A varied musical programme, arranged by the President of the League, was performed, and during the evening a handsome silver challenge cup, the gift of the same gentleman, was handed to the winners, the Mineral Manager's Club, a silver medal with gold centre being presented to each member of the team. The members of the team of the Goods Manager's Department, which had been successful in securing the foremost place in the League, became the owners of a gold medal each. It speaks well for the success and enthusiasm of the League that, in accordance with the unanimous wish of the whole of the members of the League, the President, Mr. E. W. Wells, was asked to accept a handsome gold medal as a mark of their appreciation for his active services on behalf of the men.



ELSA CLINGS TO LOHENGRIN AS SHE SEES THE SWAN.

FOURTEEN DAYS IN LEWES JAIL.

BY NO. 6274, LOCATION D.

I stood before the sombre, massive doors of the Jail, on one side of me a constable in private clothes, on the other the Sheriff's officer. The latter tugged at the bell, which rent the stillness of the surroundings with a prolonged, hollow clatter. The wicket opened mysteriously, and, as we stepped into the broad, arched way, closed behind us with a clank. Passing through two sets of iron-barred gates, we reached the body of the building and turned into the Head Jailer's office, where, after taking a receipt for the delivery of my body, my guardians left me. When I had handed over my spare cash and had brought down the scales, when name, age, religion, and weight had been noted in a bulky tome, I was taken before the Doctor, who, limiting his consultation to inquiring if anything was wrong, and receiving a negative reply, dismissed me.

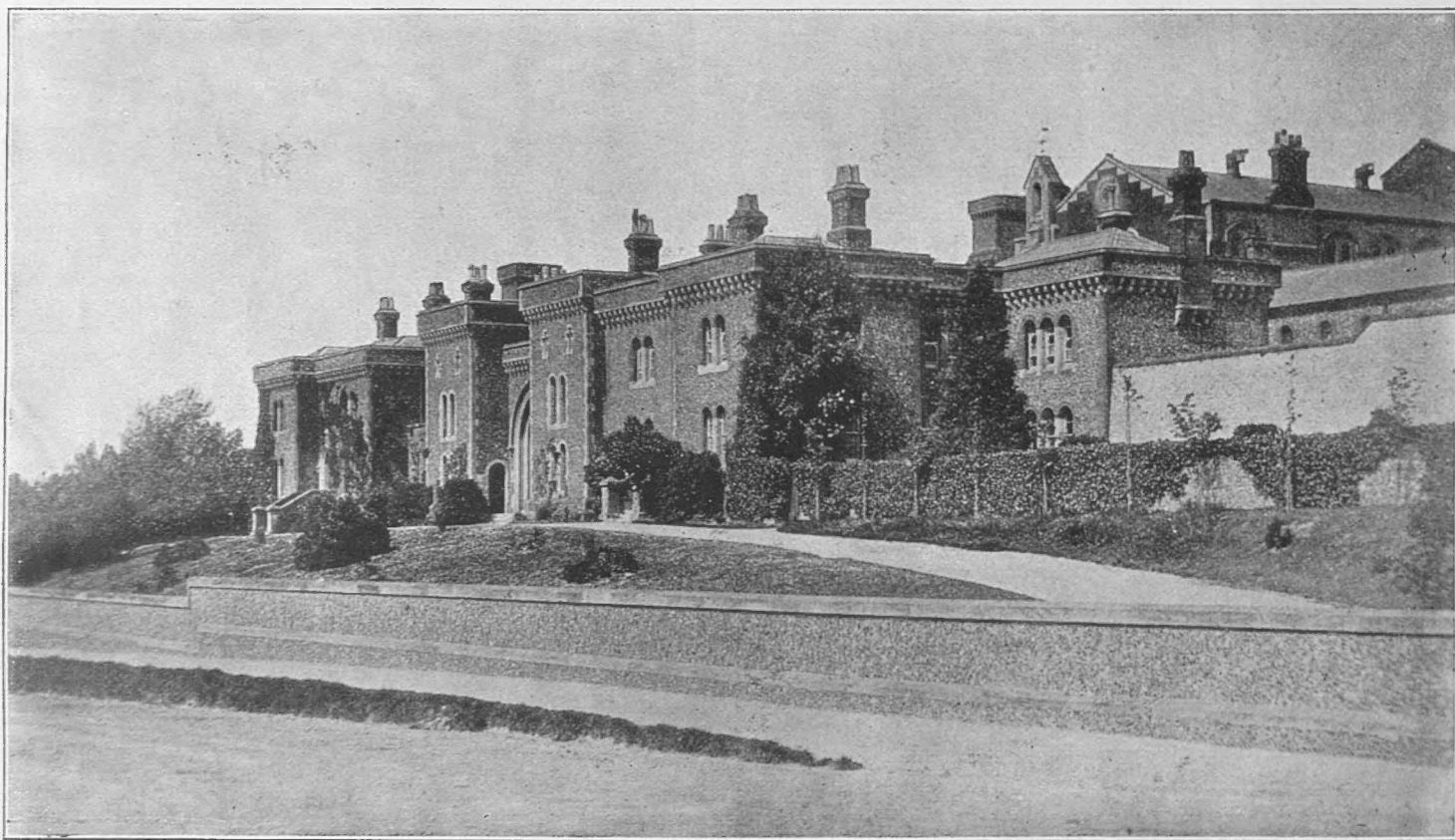
Then to the lower regions, half-underground, where I had to repeat the details concerning my precious self; and as soon as these had been inscribed in a register, by a jailer writing with a jet of gas flaming at his elbow, I was told to empty my pockets. I did so. Was I quite sure I had nothing else about me?—Yes, only a morning paper. Might I keep it?—No; newspapers were not allowed, not even to debtors. Would I pay 2s. 6d. a day to have my meals sent in from the town, or content myself with jail fare? was the next inquiry. I elected to try the

for any time in the day" and the menu of jail fare, both printed at Millbank. The latter ran as follows—

Breakfast (daily).—Bread, 6 oz.; gruel, 1 pint, or cocoa, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint.
Dinner (Sunday and Wednesday).—Bread, 4 oz.; potatoes, 6 oz.; suet-pudding, 6 oz.
Dinner (Monday and Friday).—Bread, 6 oz.; potatoes, 8 oz.; cooked beef (no bone), 3 oz.
Dinner (Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday).—Bread, 6 oz.; potatoes, 6 oz.; soup, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint.
Supper (daily).—Bread, 6 oz.; gruel, 1 pint, or cocoa, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint.
On Mondays beans and fat bacon may be substituted for beef.

The husky brown bread was vile, so the filthy gruel and suet-pudding—all three better adapted to a hog's trough than a human being's platter. The cocoa was weak and greasy. The three ounces of cooked beef, without bone, proved to be simply "bully beef." The potatoes, fair in quality, were execrably cooked; the hard haricot-beans and piece of rank, fat bacon would have turned many a strong stomach. Vegetables were in season, and the best dish in the whole jail menu was the vegetable soup which came thrice a week.

The mattress on the plank-bed was a couch of pain. The cocoanut-fibre stuffing had worked into hard, unyielding lumps, which formed sockets in one's flesh, and grated against backbone and ribs whichever way one might turn. At 7 a.m. a clatter of sliding bolts and rebounding locks announced day to have begun. The door opened, we hurried out in trousers and shirt-sleeves to empty slop-pans, and set about cleaning our ward. This completed, we had a good wash at



LEWES JAIL.

latter. These preliminaries settled, I was told to divest myself of all my clothes, save socks and shirt. I obeyed, and, a cell opposite being indicated to me, I was ordered to enter and go through that prescribed ablution imperative to all taking up a residence in one of her Majesty's jails. I confess I passed into the bath-room with some misgiving. The mere word in such a place suggested that famous tank into which James Greenwood had to take a dip when gaining experience as an amateur casual. A closer inspection revealed no such horror; the water proved clean, and the tepid bath comforting.

The washing over, I was allowed to dress again, and, receiving a couple of sheets, pillow-case, and towel, travelled up and down stairs, in company with a jailer, into the Debtors' Ward, where I was at once locked up in a vaulted cell measuring 11 ft. by 7 ft. by 9 ft. high. A card outside the door bore my number on one side, and on the reverse my sentence and the cash alternative to effect my release.

I looked round. At the extremity a small, cross-barred window; up on end against the wall the famous plank-bed of stout deals, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft. by 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft.; in a corner, mattress and pillow of cocoanut fibre, under a shelf crowded with Prayer and Hymn Book, tin plate and mug, wooden salt-box, soap-dish, spoon, along with a tiny hair-brush. In a row on the tile floor against the wall a half-gallon water-can, painted blue, next to a white metal washing-basin, and the vile slop-utensil, happily provided with a lid; then, a cocoanut-fibre hand-broom, a box with bath-brick and three bits of cloth for polishing. To the right of the door, provided with Judas window and trap, a handle, jutting out over a naked gas-jet, communicated with an alarum; in a corner a deal table 2 ft. 6 in. square and a four-legged stool; hanging from nails a card of "Prayers

the sink in the Common Room, and were then locked up for breakfast. An hour later the cell-doors reopened, and, seizing Prayer and Hymn Book, we hastened upstairs to chapel, followed by a jailer, to listen to the droning of the parson and bawl the hymns to the accompaniment of a harmonium, amid a congregation of some two hundred convicts and other prisoners, spaced out two feet apart on benches, under the stern eye of the Governor and the searching scrutiny of a dozen savage warders.

Chapel over, we were free to frequent the Common Room and yard. The former, a fairly spacious apartment, with tile floor, fireplace, gas-jet hanging from the ceiling, tap and sink in a corner, a few shelves and hat-pegs, had a couple of fairly sized cross-barred windows facing the exercise-yard, and for furniture a long deal table and a number of rush-bottomed chairs. Over the mantelpiece were the General Rules, the Menu of Diet, the Card of Prayers. The yard was a broad quadrangle shut in by jail buildings and lofty flint walls with a profusion of rose-bushes growing at their base. Here, and in the Common Room, with the exception of a couple of hours in the cell in the middle of the day, we remained till evening, when, receiving our supper, we were finally locked up for the night. Lights out at ten.

We were well supplied with interesting books, which proved a great relief. Every morning the Governor came round to inquire if there were any complaints. I saw two visitors of jails during my incarceration, and applied to one of them to be allowed to procure paper, pens, and ink for the purpose of pursuing my trade. But I received for my pains only a brutal "No," supplemented by the remark, "I daresay you can pay if you like, or the judge would not have sent you here." An application to write and receive more than one letter a week was refused.

SMALL TALK.

London has been enjoying itself with the periodical Tournament, which grows better year by year. Piper Findlater is a great catch this time.

Royalty paid considerable attention to the Prince of Montenegro during his late flying visit to this country, and his name was much in evidence in the daily journals; but I was surprised to find how few people knew anything whatever either about the Prince himself or the interesting little independency over which he rules. Montenegro, which is on the north-west of Turkey, has had a chequered career, was included in ancient Illyria, and was a part of the great Servian Empire of the Middle Ages. In the seventeenth century, when the Petrovitch dynasty was founded, this little mountainous and picturesque state, with its population of magnificent men and beautiful women, was only some few hundred square miles in extent. The Petrovitch who reigned over it was called by the title of Vladika, and in his person combined spiritual and temporal authority, for he was Bishop, Prince, Lawgiver, and Commander-in-Chief. He was not permitted to marry, and at his death his functions passed therefore to some brother, nephew, or cousin, but the ruler of Montenegro has been a Petrovitch since 1697.

Whether the hatred of the Turk should be considered an employment or a recreation, I know not, but it has been active whenever opportunity has occurred, and the gallant Montenegrins have generally been able to give a good account of themselves, for though their numbers are small (even now the population

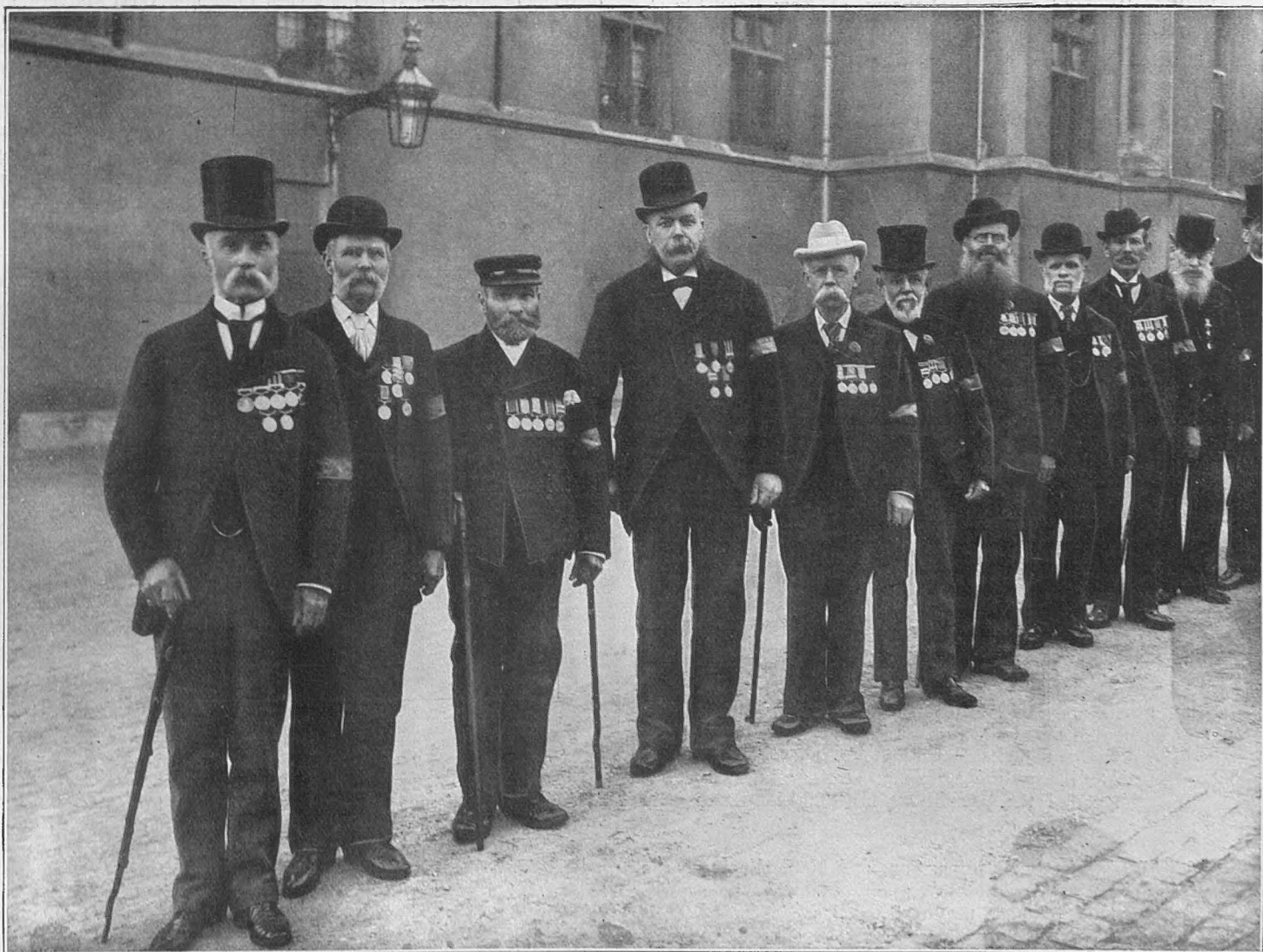


TOMMY ATKINS MAKING A TOWER.

Photo by Cumming, Aldershot.

is only some 220,000), yet when the need comes every male above seventeen years old becomes a soldier, and an army of 35,000 can take the field. They resisted Omar Pasha and his forces with success in the 'fifties, and in the 'seventies they joined Serbia in the war with Turkey. At the Treaty of Berlin, in 1878, their independence was assured, and their territory increased to some 3600 square miles. Prince Nicholas, who has just left us, "a fine figure of a man," was born in 1841, and succeeded his uncle, Prince Danilo, in 1860. When he was ten years old, the spiritual powers of Vladika were taken from the ruler of Montenegro and given to the Gospodar, and the interdict against marriage was withdrawn. Prince Nicholas married during the year of his accession, and has three sons and six daughters.

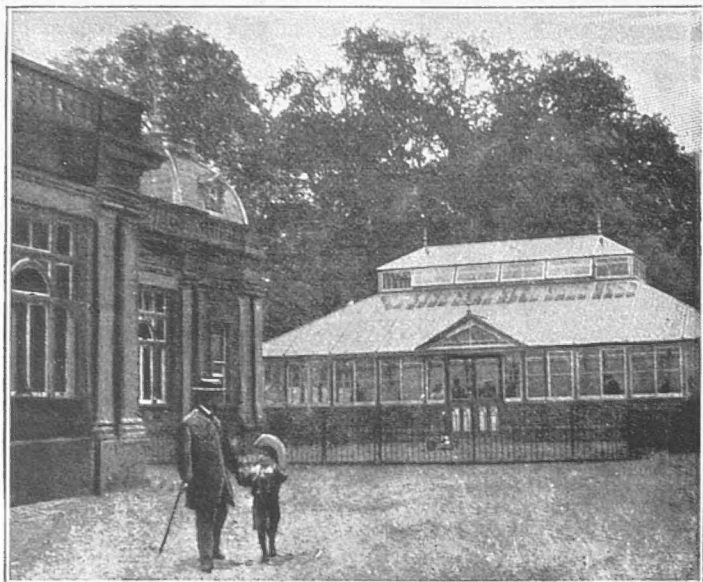
The inspection of veterans by the Queen at Windsor last week was very interesting. The men, a hundred and five in number, are members of a local association established for their benefit at Bristol, where this society is liberally encouraged by the residents. They represented most of the regiments which had fought in the Crimea and Indian Mutiny, as well as some of the crews of the warships that served in the Baltic and Black Seas. All had a strong and healthy appearance, with the exception of those who had been severely wounded or crippled, one man having lost both arms, while another was bent almost double. Among the most noticeable were R. Lindsay, of the 53rd Regiment, with seven medals; J. Andrews, 30th Regiment, with five medals; W. Drew, Royal Navy, five medals; J. Lennon, Royal Artillery, five medals; and J. George, Royal Navy and 3rd Regiment, four medals.



SERGEANT-MAJOR LINDSAY AND SOME OF THE CRIMEAN AND INDIAN MUTINY VETERANS PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY R. GIBBS, KINGSLAND ROAD, N.

Last year was a wonderfully successful one for the Zoological Society, from every point of view. Thanks to the fine summer and autumn, and also to the influx of visitors drawn by the Jubilee, the total income of the Society reached £28,713, a larger sum than it has ever reached before during the sixty-nine years of its existence, with one exception,



NEW TORTOISE-HOUSE AT THE "ZOO."

to wit, the year 1884, which remains the "record." 717,755 persons passed through the gates during the year, or more than one thousand per week more than the number in 1896—so much for the popularity of the Gardens. From the scientific point of view the year afforded equal cause of congratulation: the Society received seventeen additions to its collection of such interest as to merit special notice in the Annual Report; most of the creatures so noticed were new to the collection, and zoological novelties of necessity grow increasingly rare. The finances are also flourishing; a new ostrich- and crane-house and a new reptile-house have been built and paid for, and possession of a credit balance of £3000 at the bankers' affords the Society a grateful sense of solvency. On the other hand, they have to deplore the loss of Mr. Bartlett, the Superintendent of the Gardens for thirty-eight years.

Messrs. Phillips, Son, and Neale, auctioneers, of New Bond Street, write to me concerning my strictures upon the sale of Mr. Payn's library—

As the auctioneers who sold the late Mr. James Payn's library, we think it only right to ourselves to express an opinion that whoever wrote the notice in your paper never viewed the books, and certainly did not attend the sale, for hardly one fact in your notice is correct. The books were catalogued for us by an expert, they were extensively advertised, and were viewed by numbers of book-buyers, both trade and private. The manuscripts, as they carried no copyright, had no marketable value, and were only included as an addenda to the catalogue at the last moment, as the daughters of the late Mr. Payn did not know what to do with them, and the solicitor and executor expressed an opinion that we should get no bid for them. Notwithstanding that there was a very large attendance of trade book-buyers, they allowed the manuscript of "Lost Sir Massingberd" to be purchased by Judge Granger of Falmouth. The *édition de luxe* of the Queen's Life was not bought by the trade, thus showing that these two lots realised beyond trade values. No three books in the sale were knocked down for £8; in fact, no lot fetched exactly this sum. "The Strange Gentleman: a Comic Barletta by Boz," was not sold for a sovereign, neither was "The Lamplighter." We may not be book-auctioneers, but in our time have sold many important libraries. We cannot go so far as to say that Messrs. Sotheby would not have accepted the sale; but had we not had the sale of the household effects, we certainly should not have taken in the books, as we knew from the first that, with the exception of a very few lots, they were quite valueless.

Since writing upon this subject I have learned from a bookseller that at the sale in question there was what is called a "knock-out"; that is, an arrangement between three or four booksellers not to bid against one another. This would account for the small prices to which I referred. At sales at Sotheby's and Puttick and Simpson's it is practically impossible for a "knock-out" to be successfully engineered, as the catalogues of these firms are systematically sent to known collectors, with the result that a large proportion of the audience in the room at the time is composed of amateurs and dealers, and the dealers do not get it all their own way. Added to this, the auctioneer holds a goodly number of buying commissions by private buyers and by American and foreign dealers. It is at what are called "out-sales," as sales held in unusual places, such as ordinary auctioneers' and private houses are termed, that the "knock-out" is frequently arranged for, and the bookselling fraternity have things in their hands.

To show how little Messrs. Phillips, Son, and Neale know of the subject, I have only to refer to their statement that the manuscripts had no particular value because they carried *no copyright*. It is perfectly true that Mr. James Payn can scarcely be called a classical writer, and that his manuscripts would not fetch fancy prices; but

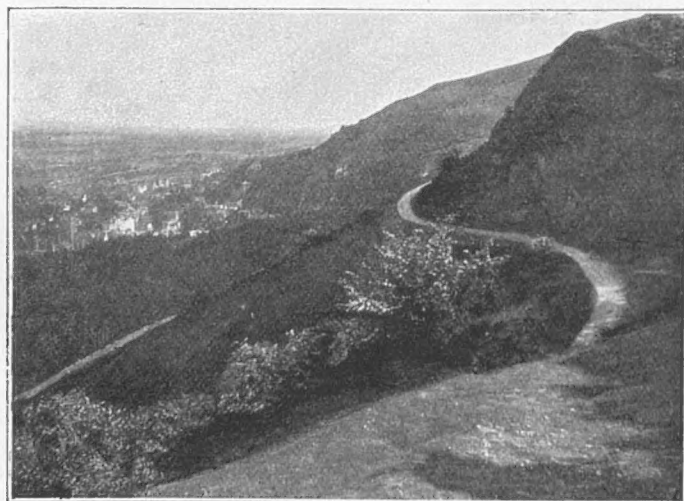
it is equally true there are a number of people who are interested in him personally who would be quite ready to give considerably more for any one of the manuscripts of Mr. James Payn's stories than was actually obtained. The very fact that these auctioneers think that manuscripts carrying no copyright are, therefore, valueless shows how little they understand about the bibliophile's hobby. Here, for example, is a list of some of the manuscripts that have been sold in auction-rooms from time to time, and the amount they have fetched. In none of the cases was there any copyright involved; it was the sheer delight of the bibliophile in the possession of an original manuscript by a famous author that led him to pay away so much money—Keats's "Endymion" and "Lamia" were sold together for £1000; Keats's "Otho the Great" sold for £300; Shelley's "Mask of Anarchy" for £300; Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" for £250; Scott's "Lady of the Lake" for (about) £1250; D. G. Rossetti's "The Bride's Prelude" for £52 10s.; William Morris's "The Well at the World's End" sold for £42.

The original manuscripts of Sir Walter Scott's novels, carrying, of course, no copyright, have regularly sold for from £300 to £500 apiece, and the sum of £500 was recently offered by a friend of mine for the original manuscript of Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre," which was in the possession of Smith and Elder, who originally published it. The statement that no three books in the sale were knocked down for £8, and that no lot fetched exactly this sum, is only so far right, as, if the newspapers of the following day are to be trusted, the lot to which I specially referred fetched exactly £8 3s. This was a lot containing "The Strange Gentleman," "The Lamplighter," and the first edition of one of Stevenson's plays. It was this particular lot that one bibliophile of my acquaintance would be willing to give £50 for, and I am sure that the same lot would have sold at Sotheby's for £100. I have not the faintest doubt that Messrs. Phillips, Son, and Neale are one of the most admirable and capable firms of auctioneers so far as the sale of furniture and household effects is concerned, but their letter plainly indicates that they do not know as much about rare books as I do.

Here is the other side of the shield, so far as concerns the zeal of one of my correspondents for war-sketches. "A Subscriber" writes—

As one of the many admirers of your charming paper, I think it would be a great pity to substitute unpleasant war-pictures in place of your delightful theatrical portraits.

A dinner was held at the Imperial Hotel, Malvern, last week, under the Presidency of Earl Beauchamp, to commemorate the amalgamation of all the Malverns under one central authority. For some years the inhabitants of Great Malvern have been anxious to absorb the outlying districts of Malvern Wells, Malvern Link, and West Malvern, and after long resistance the new Board was elected in April. This will lead to identity of interests, and save the districts the friction which often occurred under the old *régime*. Malvern claims to be the healthiest of health-resorts, to have the lowest death-rate in the kingdom, the purest water in the world, and to be the prettiest place in England. The town is situated 500 feet above sea-level, and rises abruptly from the plain, with many miles of roads and paths cut in the hills, 1000 to 1500 feet high. A good carriage-road has recently been made by Lady Howard De Walden, extending from the North Hill to the British Camp, and



MALVERN.

Photo by Norman May and Co., Malvern.

including the famous beacon from which fifteen counties can be distinguished. The whole district abounds in natural beauty, the situation of the town being probably unique. From its main street miles of beautiful country can be viewed, with towns and cities in the distance. It is hoped that during the coming season many London visitors will be attracted to Malvern, and efforts are being made to provide high-class concerts and entertainments. A good band plays twice daily in the public gardens.

Tommy Atkins can be a funny fellow when he likes. Look at this sport which the Engineers indulge in. You are wheeled underneath the bucket, carrying a pole; unless you manage to put it through a tiny hole (which you will note in the second picture), down comes a deluge of water on you. Such is life.

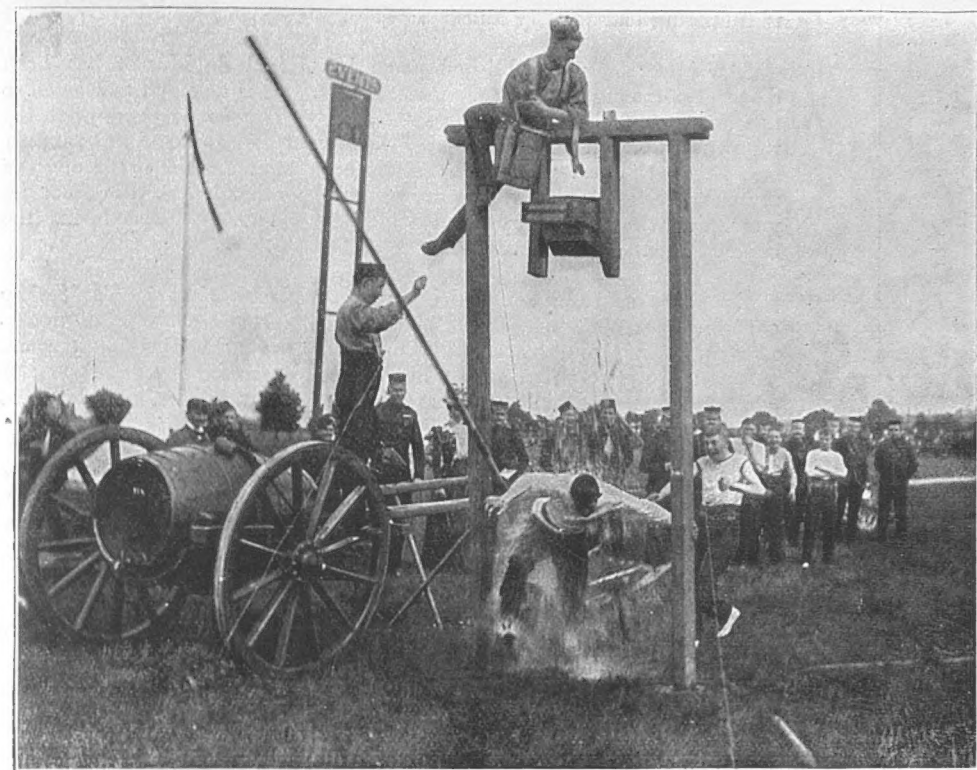
Sir William Lockhart, Commander-in-Chief of the Army in India, has been spending some days at Carlisle with his brother, Major-General

South-West of Scotland. The regiment has taken part in the Zulu, Sekukuni, and Transvaal campaigns, the Burmese War, and the late Indian Frontier War. It is peculiarly appropriate that the Royal Scots Fusiliers should follow the Scots Guards at the Tower, for when the Scots Guards dropped their title of "Scots Fusilier Guards," the old 21st Royal North British Fusiliers became the "Royal Scots Fusiliers." Talking of Scottish regiments, now so to the fore, a generous tribute has been paid by Colonel Murray of the Seaforth's, who was wounded at Atbara and is now in England, to an English regiment. Interviewed on his arrival, he said, "From what I saw myself, the Lincolns behaved admirably. I had them under my eye—at my very nose. I think the advance of the Lincolns, led by Colonel Verner, was admirable."

Are big men the best soldiers? Frederick the Great and Napoleon I. thought so, and everybody knows what efforts they made to obtain gigantic recruits for their Guards. But most military authorities are now agreed that, at any rate for modern warfare, little men are almost as useful. It is not so important nowadays to be able to slash about with a sword as to be able to fire straight, which a little man is likely to be able to do as well as a big one. A strong constitution is, of course, necessary for enduring the hardships of a campaign, but it is a mistake to suppose that strength and height always go together. An Italian specialist is of opinion that a regiment entirely composed of athletes would be quite second-rate from the soldier's point of view.

During the French retreat from Moscow, it was observed that it was the smallest men who best endured all the terrible hardships. Besides, now that single combat is out of fashion, it is not so necessary for a country to have the finest soldiers as it is to have the greatest number of them. So the standard of height has been constantly reduced in every army all through this century. In this connection it is interesting to note that in the English Army the average height is higher than that of any other army. On the other hand, it is to be noted that, with the reduction of the standard of height, there has been a reduction in the weight which the men have to carry on the march. The present weights are: in Germany 57·8 lb., in Russia 63·8 lb., in Belgium 54·1 lb., in France 52·8 lb., in Italy 56·3 lb. (recently reduced from 70·4 lb.). In conclusion, therefore, it appears that both height and soldierly qualities, which do not necessarily go together, are questions of race. Big men may use their strength to run away, and little men may die fighting like heroes.

The Emperor William has just presented to the Sultan a *Kriegs-Hund*, or "dog of war." Count Perponcher-Sednitzki, an officer of the Jägers, has left for Constantinople in charge of the precious dog, with instructions to deliver it himself into the hands of the Commander of the Faithful. I wonder if it understands what a distinguished personage it is.



A LITTLE GAME THAT THE ROYAL ENGINEERS LIKE TO PLAY.
Photo by Cumming, Aldershot.

D. B. Lockhart, of Milton-Lockhart. The visit of such a noted personality created no little stir in the Lanarkshire village, all the more so from the fact that, although expected, the exact date of Sir William's advent was not known. Notwithstanding this, Major Gray, commanding D Company of the 9th L.R.V., mustered a guard of honour of his company, who marched a distance of about a mile out of the village to await the arrival of Sir William. It was quite a happy idea that prompted the pipers to strike up, when the carriage of the Commander-in-Chief arrived, "The Cock of the North." There has been some doubt expressed concerning the exact remarks Sir William made after inspecting Major Gray's company. His words, at all events, were in praise of the unforgettable feat at Dargai. "When he gave orders for the taking of Dargai by the Gordon Highlanders," the papers reported Sir William Lockhart as remarking, "it was said that he might as well attempt to take an army up into the clouds." Whether or not Sir William gave the order, there is no getting away from the Commander-in-Chief's pithy conclusion: "Wherever Scotchmen went they always managed to do very well."

Lieut.-Colonel H. A. MacDonald, C.B., D.S.O., who commanded a Soudanese brigade in the battle of Atbara, has pushed his way to the front by sheer merit and bravery. He is a native of Ross-shire, and enlisted in the Gordon Highlanders in 1871. He went through the Afghan Campaign of 1879-80, and was recommended by Lord Roberts for a commission. He served with the 2nd Gordons in the Boer War of 1881, and was present in the operations near Suakin in December 1888. He became, later on, a Major in the Royal Fusiliers, and now is a Lieut.-Colonel in the British Army and Brigadier-General in the Egyptian service. He will probably receive further promotion for his conduct at Atbara. Though only forty-six years of age, he wears nine decorations, and has been six times mentioned in despatches.

The 2nd Battalion of the Royal Scots Fusiliers is now quartered at the Tower until the Scots Guards return from the Salisbury Plain manoeuvres about the end of September. An influential meeting has lately been held at Ayr to consider a proposal to erect a monument to the memory of the officers and men of this distinguished corps who have fallen in action since its association territorially with the



THIS ENGINEER HAS FAILED TO PLAY THE GAME PROPERLY: HENCE THIS DELUGE.
Photo by Cumming, Aldershot.

A Dublin carman, Thomas McGuirk, has come into a little fortune in the shape of a horse and hackney-car, which was publicly presented to him by the Lord Mayor for an act of great gallantry. McGuirk is only one-and-twenty, yet he has saved seven lives—two from fire and five from drowning. Some time ago he was presented with the medal and parchment of the Royal Humane Society, and now, thanks to the energy



THIS DUBLIN DRIVER HAS SAVED SEVEN LIVES.
Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

of the Dublin *Evening News*, he has got this smart car and horse. The Mayor, in making the presentation at the Mansion House, trusted that McGuirk, having been thus started in life through his bravery, would by his steadiness of purpose, his good conduct, and attention to his duties, make it a beginning of a career of great prosperity. As McGuirk then drove away, he was greeted as the conquering hero that he is.

The great question of mental disease as the cause of crime is likely to come prominently before the public during the next century. It is comparatively new, at least so far as England is concerned. On the Continent crime as a form of mental irresponsibility has been recognised by advanced thinkers for many years. The theory has slowly permeated into England, where the Humanitarian League has nourished it, and a Dr. Henry Smith has returned to the matter with a carefully written plea for "the unjustly convicted." The questions of irresistible impulse are very difficult to decide, but he would be a bold man who was prepared to wager that half-a-century hence we shall not be looking at many criminal acts in an entirely new light. It seems to be clearly laid down that some madmen confined in asylums have a clear knowledge of right and wrong, and that many people at large lack this instinct and are liable to err from causes they cannot control. Dr. Smith labours, and not without success, to prove that, just as many dipsomaniacs know how bad their drinking habit is and are quite unable to fight it, so many criminals know the consequence of crime but are unable to control themselves. Needless to say, the hospital rather than the prison-cell is the fit and proper place for such cases. There is at least a probability that mental development and the extra strain of modern existence are making very many weak minds give way, and the Criminal Hospital will be among the prominent institutions of the twentieth century.

There have been cases where a similarity in the uniform of contending armies has led to disastrous results; but, should the land forces ever engage in battle in the Spanish-American War, there will at any rate be no likelihood of such a mischance, for, while the uniforms of the Spaniards are the gayest of the gay, those of the Americans are probably the most sombre of any nation. The white drill with its scarlet facings, the blue blouses, the broad-brimmed straw hats with their cockades of "plain red and yaller" (as the sailor said when expressing his predilection for quiet colours), which are, I believe, some of the distinguishing items of a tropical Spanish soldier, make up a *tout ensemble* rarely seen by home-staying English folk off the operative stage.

On the other hand, the Yankee soldier, though well equipped, is, I understand, somewhat soberly clad as regards colour, with the exception of the cavalry which may be considered as "smart." I have never seen an American general officer in real life; but I have seen him upon the stage, where, as the play was a Yankee product, I suppose he was properly clothed, and I must say he appeared to me to be a kind of cross between an English naval officer of high rank and a comic-opera pirate, with perhaps a dash of the Superintendent of Police.

The unhappy elephant belonging to Barnum and Bailey's show, whom it took ninety men and various mechanical contrivances to deprive of his existence the other day, is not the first show elephant whose unfortunate temper has involved him in difficulties resulting in capital punishment. History, we know, repeats itself, and in the annals of that once-popular building, Exeter Change, I read that the last tenant of those upper rooms, where the body of Gay, the poet, lay in state, was Mr. Cross, of menagerie fame, to whom, by the way, Byron once paid a visit "to see the tigers sup," and remarked on the hippopotamus who "was like Lord Liverpool in the face."

Mr. Cross had a famous elephant called Chunee, which was subject to bursts of temper, in one of which, by the way, he had killed a keeper. In March 1826, Chunee was taken with another tantrum, and, his death being decided on, he was shot to death by some of the Foot Guards, who fired about one hundred and eighty rounds, and took nearly an hour to carry out the execution. Much excitement was caused by this untoward event, and a dense crowd listened outside Exeter Change to the firing within. Tom Hood celebrated this execution by a poetic "Address to Mr. Cross on the Death of the Elephant." Perhaps the Poet Laureate will oblige on the present lamentable occasion, or why not the author of that stirring ballad "My Margate Sea"?

An interesting unpublished poem by Alfred de Musset has been discovered among De Musset's manuscripts. It is a sonnet addressed to the moon, and therefore headed "Luna." The sonnet ends with the following fanciful image, which I have ventured to translate roughly into English prose: "Seeing your white fingers mark the green cloth of my curtains, I ask you, dear one, whether perchance you have not let your glove fall upon my open window." This sentence forms the concluding half of the sestet.

Moslems are forbidden to drink wines or spirits, but in Tunis they contrive to reach the same ends by smoking preparations of hemp-flowers. The milder kind is called *kif*, and, if used in moderation, has no more effect than wine; but the concentrated essence, known as *chira*, produces intoxication as quickly as raw spirits, and leads to delirium tremens.

The Tunisians who are not Moslems are often hard drinkers. There are shops in the town where a subscription of five shillings a month gives the right to come every day and drink as much as one likes. This is made possible by the cheapness of palm-wine, which costs only one penny or twopence a quart, and is very strong.

The Arabs of Tunis give their children a great deal of opium to prevent their crying. It has been calculated that each child consumes on an average an infusion of one poppy-head every evening of his life up to the age of two years. Yet he seems to thrive on it.

In an early number of a provincial journal still in existence, I find the following odd advertisement—

Wanted, for a sober family, a man of light weight, who fears the Lord and can drive a pair of horses. He must occasionally wait at table, join in household prayer, look after the horses, and read a chapter of the Bible. He must, God willing, rise at seven in the morning, and obey his master and mistress in all lawful commands; if he can dress hair, sing psalms, and play at cribbage, the more agreeable. Wages, fifteen guineas a-year.

Bromley Crib is a fine specimen of the old English bulldog who has carried off the championship at the Aquarium. He is quite a young dog, and is looked upon by the best judges of this famous breed as one likely to carry all before him in the future. Bulldogs go on improving in a beauty (?) sense until they are four years old, and at that age are considered at their best. Those learned in the breed find fault at present with Bromley Crib's face, which they say is not sufficiently "broken up," also that his nose does not "lie back almost between the eyes," as it is required to do according to the rules of the Bulldog Club.



BROMLEY CRIB, A CHAMPION BULLDOG.

Then, again, he is said not to wear a sufficiently "wicked" or determined expression on his countenance, but to be "puggy." Be that as it may, the fact remains that he was equal to winning the highest possible honours at Cheltenham and the Aquarium, and on all sides it is conceded that he is well-nigh perfect in body properties. Bromley Crib is owned by Mr. Marfleet, of Poplar, who has refused £300 for him.

This gang of Pathan dacoits was surprised and captured at midnight in February last, after having looted from a temple in Goa gold and silver gods and jewellery to the value of over £10,000. The gang, which hails from Peshawur, had previously committed six large dacoities in Mysore, Kolapore, Goa, and South Canara, securing loot valued at



PATHAN DACOITS.

several thousands of pounds. The officer who captured the gang is Mr. Holland, of the Bombay District Police, well known for his dacoit services, and whose name has already been connected with such notorious outlaws as Chetoo and Tantia, and who has on previous occasions been highly commended by the Bombay Government for his success in duties of this nature.

A recent book of travel in British Guiana gives an incident which, if there be any meaning in grammar, is an appalling illustration of the effect of tropical life in developing latent cannibalistic instincts in cultivated Englishmen. The author is relating stories of the insect pests of that colony, and says, "One lady that I knew, whilst busy at her toilet, felt something crawling on her shoulder. She screamed and called her husband, and he had just time to knock the centipede off before biting her in the neck." It would have been more in accordance with our English notions of fair play if, instead of thus taking advantage of his wife's hysteria, he had enjoyed his morsel in the course of a set quarrel.

Mr. Alexander Gollan, Consul-General in Cuba of the British Government, is an Inverness-shire man whose father gave the name of Gollanfield to his estate near Fort George, where in 1843 the future Consul-General was born. For well-nigh forty years Mr. Gollan has been connected with the Consular service, chiefly in Spanish-speaking lands, and has served his country in Brazil, at Manila, and Havana. On the death of his brother at the hands of the Spaniards in Rio Grande, Mr. Gollan was appointed his successor. While at Rio Grande Mr. Gollan married a Brazilian lady, and his wife and family are at present residing in London. If events in Cuba permit, Mr. Gollan will retire about the end of the current year, when his time-limit will be reached.

A correspondent points out that the stocks and whipping-post at Kirton-in-Lindsey, pictured in these pages the other day, are not the

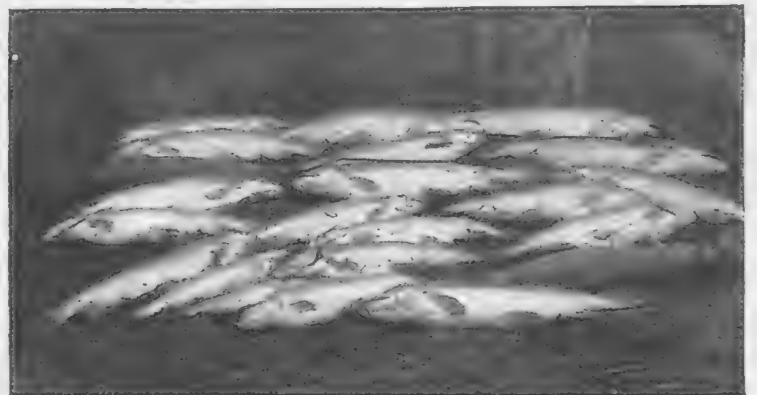


THE STOCKS.

only antiquated instruments of torture extant. There are stocks at Odham in quite as good condition, and they have not been repaired. Their function, however, has been annexed by the church and the police-station, near which they stand.

My varied travels have given me a fair insight into the Eastern temperament, and some respect for the people who take their life at a slow pace and never forget their natural dignity. At the same time, the temperament has its drawbacks. I once posted a rather important letter in a Syrian post-office under Turkish management, then returned to Europe, loitered awhile among "the isles of Greece," spent a week in Paris, a few days at Boulogne, and finally arrived in London nearly a month before the communication. Another letter posted in Jerusalem at the Turkish office was delivered in town ten weeks late. It has been left for a Damascus photographer to achieve the record. More than a year ago I asked him to send me a catalogue of his photographs; he took my address most carefully, and promised to send the catalogue in a few weeks. I sent to him from London in July last a gentle reminder, and the catalogue came to hand on April 24. There are many photographs that I should like to possess, but I find no fascination in the idea of further business with the gentleman. I know that he thinks he has been sufficiently prompt, and that, if I have a grievance, it is because I am an infidel and don't know any better. He is a rare specimen, this photographer. He once added up my bill in a fanciful manner that was worth about forty francs extra. I pointed out the error (?). "It is the will of Allah," he remarked gravely, and set down the correct total with a sigh that seemed very genuine.

The ardent trout-fisher should take the next boat for New Zealand. When Lord and Lady Ranfurly were in Ashburton (New Zealand) the other day, they came across a party of four anglers, who had brought twenty-two trout (scaling 154½ lb.) out of the Rakaia River. His Excellency accepted an eleven-and-a-half pounder. I am told that trout have been taken weighing from 12 to 16 lb. in the same river; indeed, it is quite a common thing to take trout of 12 lb. weight, and several



A WONDERFUL DRAUGHT OF FISHES.

have been taken weighing over 20 lb. New Zealand must be an angler's Paradise.

Though the name of Gerald Massey is not very frequently on men's lips nowadays, there are not a few who will like to be reminded of the fact that the poet, who lives in complete but perfectly happy seclusion at Norwood, attains on Sunday next his seventieth birthday. Mr. Massey is able every day to prosecute the work he has been engaged upon for some years—a book in which he seeks to establish the Egyptian origin of the Hebrew legends and of the Christian doctrines. "For the last eight years," the old-time Democrat stated lately, "I have not gone out of the house during the six winter months"; he found sufficient exercise, he said, in walking for an hour or two round his room. One of the last fragments of verse from the author of "The Ballad of Babe Christabel," his first volume of verse, published over forty years ago, when its author was hailed as a rival of the then recently appointed Laureate, was occasioned by the success of Mr. H. M. Stanley's Emin Pasha Relief Expedition; it was entitled "Stanley's Way," and thus concludes—

And when our need is sorest,
Let us take heart and say,
We, too, will cleave our forest—
For that was Stanley's Way.

A great impetus has been given by recent exhibitions of photography to the Royal Photographic Society, which, founded forty-five years ago, took a long time to reach the public favour. By means of lectures and discussions, it has succeeded in focussing all the latter-day developments of the photographic art and in bringing advanced practitioners into touch with each other's researches. The exhibitions in Pall Mall have shown steadily progressive signs of late years, both in the increase in popular favour and the rapid advance of discovery, while to-day the Society boasts a considerable library and a museum. It is very clear that the uses of photography are destined to spread very widely, to advance on one side to the aid of science and on the other to the distribution of art. Colour-photography, though expensive and difficult at present, is probably not very far away in a popular form, as the lectures given at the Crystal Palace during the recent exhibition clearly show, and it is fair to believe that the resources of the camera are yet comparatively in their infancy. For my own part, I am fully prepared to see the Royal Photographic Society take a very high place among kindred institutions during the next few years.



THE MEET OF THE NORFOLK OTTER-HOUNDS AT SOUTH PICKENHAM.

Half-fish, half-beast is the otter, and an ugly-looking varmint too. I remember a day when I was fly-fishing in the Dee above Llangollen. I was wading upstream, close under a thick bank of bushes, intent on a rising trout just ahead, when a hoarse shriek, merging into a spit like that of a cat, just under me made me jump. There a spiteful-looking otter was showing his teeth and swearing for all he was worth. I jabbed at him with my landing-net, but he was off like a shot. Doubtless I was near his lair. Given fine weather, otter-hunting is good sport indeed. Stout boots and leggings are necessary, and one must be in good condition to keep up with the hounds at times, though plenty of slack going occurs when the scent is a bit at fault.

The Norfolk Otter-Hounds, under the mastership of Mr. D. E. Guthrie, had a very successful season last year, and have started well this spring. The kennels are situated at Narford, a couple of miles from Narborough, Norfolk. Plenty of good water abounds in the neighbourhood, and there are usually two or three meets a-week. At the meet at Pickenham, where the photographs were taken, a very full muster turned up, considering it was ten miles from kennels. A large number of ladies kept us company, and I believe all of them saw the run through to the finish. The water was a good deal coloured from recent rains. We spoke an otter after going a couple of miles, and hunted him from a ditch into the stream (the Weisey, I believe, it is called), but there the discoloured water hid him and he got away. A bit further on hounds gave tongue again, but we didn't catch sight of the enemy this time, so the dogs were given a rest while the hunters interviewed their sandwiches. A short half-hour and hounds were laid on again, but, although the leader got excited over the fancied presence of the quarry, nothing came of it, and, as both hunters and hounds were getting tired, it was decided to retrace our steps. A most lovely spring day made ample recompense for the kill which did not come off this time.

Drowning, as we all know, is said to be an easy death, and a discussion in the *Field* concerning the most humane method has drawn a letter from a gentleman who on two occasions has undergone what his

rare, but perhaps the most interesting fact in connection with this bird is that, even in captivity, it heralds the approach of spring by its well-known call. This year it began crying on April 7, while the note of the cuckoo was not heard in the Edinburgh district till the 21st of the month. The bird being at present in the moult accounts for its ragged appearance in the photograph.

I am reminded by a writer in an Australian contemporary that Mr. Alfred Moul, who has just retired from the management of the Alhambra, used at one time to be musical critic of the *Melbourne Age*.

The offer of the Lowther Arcade for sale by auction will give rise to melancholy reflections on the part of those who, like myself, were young when that Arcade, the Soho Bazaar, the German Fair (on the site of which part of the Queen's Hall stands), and the Crystal Palace (absorbed into Peter Robinson's

premises) were such popular and well-frequented family resorts. The Soho Bazaar still drags on a weary existence, but it, like that famous home of toys, the Lowther Arcade, has long since fallen from its high estate.

Miss Victoria Addison, the clever young daughter of Miss Carlotta Addison (whose absence through illness from the cast of "The Dove-cot," at the Duke of York's Theatre, has been so much regretted), is playing successfully the part of Lady Rosamond in one of Miss Emma Hutchison's companies touring with "The Liars." Heredity again, as Mr. Willie Edouin would say.

As America is so much in the public mind just at present, has it ever struck you that its discovery by Columbus was prophesied by Seneca some 1400 years before the event? The chorus in his "Medea" says, "A new Tiphys, a son of the earth, will, in ages to come, discover remote regions towards the West, and Thule will no longer be the extremity of the universe."

I am asked to state that the recent disclosures in regard to the misgovernment of the Grosvenor Hotel have had the result of inducing the Receivers to effect some sweeping reforms in its constitution. The hotel has been reorganised and many great improvements have been made.



A STRANGE CUCKOO.

Photo by Balmain, Edinburgh.



LAYING THE HOUNDS ON.

Wagner is certainly "in the air" just now, and everything connected with the forthcoming production of "The Ring" and with the first performance at Bayreuth appears to have an enormous interest for the great army of music-lovers in London. A controversy has been raging in the pages of a contemporary with regard to the introduction of an actual sword in the "Rheingold." It would certainly appear that, with regard to the propriety of such an introduction, the "No's" have the best of the argument. Why should the Nibelungs have had the sword among their treasures? And, supposing so improbable a possession possible, why should it have been produced on Wotan's demand for "the hoard and thy glancing gold"?

Besides, Wagner is always extremely explicit in his stage directions, and there is surely nothing to suggest a sword in "The Nibelungs rise out of the cleft laden with the treasures of the hoard," or "The Nibelungs, after they have piled up the hoard, slip eagerly down again into the cleft," on which Alberich exclaims, "The gold I leave you; now let me go." Beyond all this, a friend of mine, who was at the first Bayreuth performances, and knew Wagner personally, and most of those interested in his work, tells me that he is strongly of the opinion that no sword was introduced at rehearsals, and that Wagner only yielded to its introduction on the persuasion of a friend, whose opinion of the stupidity of the expected audience induced him to believe that without such "outward and visible sign" the public would fail to comprehend "the inward and spiritual grace" of what is known as the "sword motive." It is certainly to be hoped that no sword will appear at Covent Garden in this scene of the "Rheingold."

'The Ladies' Home is the latest thing in fashion journalism. Exactly the same shape as *The Sketch*, it marks an innovation in the journalism it represents in its price being fixed at threepence. Coming as it does from the office of the *Lady's Pictorial*, and being an evolution of the penny *Happy Home*, it is capitally put together. It tells you all about the proper thing to wear—the illustrations being admirably done; ladies' sports are treated; Mrs. Mannington Caffyn starts a serial, "Anne Mauleverer"; dress at the play is treated. There is a children's corner, and a number of other attractive features go to make up a welcome addition to the weekly journalism of ladies.

The *Cornstalk* is the title of a magazine that is being issued by Oxford undergraduates for Eights Week. For me its main interest lies in the fact that it contains a poem on Omar by "C." (Mr. Albert M. Cohen?).

Every actress nowadays seems to be a dog-lover. Thus, Miss Marguerite Cornille, who is singing at the Tivoli, is the proud owner of



MISS CORNILLE AND HER "HAPPY LITTLE DOG."
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

a very little dog; Miss Pattie Browne used to have a smart collie; and Miss Margaret Reid, of the Opera, has a boarhound.

Mr. H. E. Arnhold, writing from Bremen, says that a big bazaar was held there on St. George's Day. Four English people had stalls, two ladies and two gentlemen, and they all wore roses in memory of England's patron saint.

Lady Arnold, the wife of Sir Edwin Arnold, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., is probably the only Japanese lady bearing an English title. She was born



LADY ARNOLD, THE ONLY JAPANESE LADY IN DEBRET.
Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

at Sendai, in Japan (Nov. 21, 1869), her family name being Kurokawa Tama, which, being translated, means "Jewel of the Dark River."

I congratulate Mrs. John Stuart Blackie on her eightieth birthday to-morrow.

Apropos of actors who have appeared on the stage with bare feet, *à la* Trilby, another correspondent points out that Francis Courtney Wemyss tells us in his autobiography that the elder Booth, during one of his bouts of drink, played Oroonoko the slave bare-footed at Philadelphia on June 24, 1840. Again, Fitzball, in his "Thirty Years of a Dramatic Author's Life," in speaking of Miss Macaulay, an actress of some transient notoriety whom he heard in an entertainment at Norwich about 1820, says—

She was a most singular and extraordinary woman of great talent. . . . Some people imagined that her mind was a little astray at times, and told singular stories of the way in which she had occasionally addressed the audience. Her voice somewhat resembled Rachel's, and her school was of that kind; but she could play comedy and sing comic songs with an especial humour. I was told, as a monstrosity, by a lady, that she (Miss Macaulay) had once enacted the part of Yarico with bare feet.

By the way, I remember seeing a par. a few months ago in the New York *Dramatic Mirror* to the effect that a new ballet was about to be produced in Milan in which all the dancers were to appear barefooted. The title was not "The Trilby Ballet," as one would be rather apt to imagine, but "The Kniepp"—after the celebrated water-curst of that name.

Mr. William Mackintosh's strong performance of Bill Burge in "The Medicine Man"—admittedly the best thing in the representation after Sir Henry Irving's Dr. Tregenna—is the most successful impersonation given by this accomplished character-actor since he appeared at the same theatre as Caleb Balderstone in Mr. Herman Merivale's "Ravenswood." His Baron Hartfeld in "Jim the Penman" and Joseph Chandler in "The Middleman" were also clever pieces of work, and I remember particularly well his finished and most artistic performance of William III. in the revival of "Clancarty" by the Kendals. Some of my Scotch readers may remember that Mr. Mackintosh, who was born in Melbourne, made his stage debut at Elgin, in 1872. His first appearance in London was as Dr. Penguin in "A Scrap of Paper," at the Court, in 1879.

TO-DAY'S DERBY: WHO WILL WIN?

Photographs by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.

MR. W. WARD'S DUNLOP.

There is no Ormonde this year to spoil the race for the Derby, although many good judges think that one horse has a very easy task. That animal is Disraeli, who won the Guineas like a real racehorse, and that, too, after his winter preparation had been sadly interfered with. The son of Galopin and Lady Yardley could do more than win in the race over the Rowley Mile, but it must be confessed that he had nothing behind him. Wantage is but a commoner, Ninus cannot stay, Wildfowler was palpably short of work, and Orzil is only a sprinter. On the other hand, Batt had gone to Newmarket to win easily in the opinion of the followers of Kingsclere, but he does not strike one as being a racehorse of the very top class, and on that particular day he could not have given his true form. Jeddah, who finished fifth, just in front of Hawfinch, is a second-rater, which does not make Mr. Bottomley's colt out to be a flyer. However, there is no getting away from the fact that Hawfinch beat Dieudonné easily enough at 10 lb. in the Dewhurst Plate last October, but they meet at Epsom at even weights, and the Duke of Devonshire's colt has come on a lot, if I am rightly informed. I think, therefore, that Dieudonné holds Hawfinch, Batt, and Jeddah perfectly harmless, and I will leave room for the wayward Wantage, who will one of these days win a big race in a trot when perhaps least expected to do so by the stable. True, Epsom is a rogue's course, but not so far as the Derby is concerned, although Curzon came very near to bringing off a great surprise in Sir Visto's year, and the horse is now running, and unsuccessfully, too, in little hundred-pound Selling Plates. On the running of the race for the Guineas, Bris will have no chance for the Derby. Bridegroom II. has been a very disappointing horse, and I hardly think he will do his best. On the book he has no chance. Joe Cannon has two candidates in Archduke II. and Heir Male; the

first-named is an importation from America, but I do not think he is likely to win. He is not a good-looking colt by any means. At one time, Heir Male was thought to have a good chance, and his latest form is his best of the year. He ran a respectable second to Cyllene for the Newmarket Stakes, and many good judges think the Epsom course will suit him. The colt is to be ridden by N. Robinson, who always manages to get well away. The Wyvern was on the sick-list last season, and he has very little chance on the book. It may be that the son of Bend Or and Flyaway is a bit soft. Perthshire won the Hyde Park Plate over the course last year, after which £10,000 was refused for him, and I reckon he would be dear at half the money just now. He is, on the book, just about 14 lb. below winning form. I expect, however, that the popular owner of this colt, Mr. Sheriff Dewar, will win a big race with him before the season is over, and Joe Day can be trusted to place him to the best advantage. As I have before stated, Orzil is a sprinter only, and he has not improved since the autumn. He may be relied upon to win a race at five or six furlongs later on. I certainly think the finish of the race will be fought out between Disraeli and Dieudonné. The latter is by Amphion out of Mon Droit, and is well-bred enough for

anything. In the first race he ran as a two-year-old he was beaten by Disraeli. This was in the Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes at Derby. He beat Disraeli in the Middle Park Plate, but suffered defeat in the Dewhurst Plate. The form between the pair as two-year-olds may be said to be "as you were," and, in giving my vote for Dieudonné for the Derby, I incline to the opinion that he has improved the more during the winter. I think Disraeli will be second and Batt third.



MR. A. BELMONT'S BRIDEGROOM II.

SOME JOCKEYS AND TRAINERS OF TO-DAY'S DERBY.

Photographs by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.



J. WATTS, RIDER OF DIEUDONNÉ.



BRADFORD, RIDER OF PERTHSHIRE.



S. LOATES, RIDER OF DISRAELI.



F. PRATT, RIDER OF DUNLOP.



J. DAY, THE TRAINER OF PERTHSHIRE.



RICHARD MARSH, THE TRAINER OF DIEUDONNÉ.



J. DAWSON, THE TRAINER OF DISRAELI.



HON. GEORGE LAMBTON, THE TRAINER OF SCHONBERG.

THE DERBY OF 1898: SOME POSSIBLE WINNERS.

Photographs by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.



LORD STANLEY'S SCHONBERG.



MR. WALLACE JOHNSTONE'S DISRAELI.

THE DERBY OF 1898: SOME POSSIBLE WINNERS.

Photographs by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.



MR. R. T. DEWAR'S PERTSHIRE.



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S DIEUDONNÉ.

WESLEYANS! REJOICE AND BE GLAD.

THIS IS THE HUNDRED-AND-SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY OF YOUR CREED.

In every corner of the English-speaking world this is a season of rejoicing of Wesleyans, for their creed, which we call Methodism, is celebrating its birthday. Methodism dates from May 24, 1738, and in view of this *The Sketch* congratulates the disciples of the worthy Wesley on the past, the present, and the future of their great mission to men. It was at the historic meeting in Aldersgate Street, where Wesleyans listened to the reading of Luther's preface to the Romans, that the new life started; but the visible shrine of his creed is his famous church in the City Road (built forty years later), whither the headquarters of the Society of Methodists was transferred from the Foundry in Moorfields. Wesley himself laid the first stone on April 1, 1777, and his faith in the permanence of the foundation was showed by the words which he pronounced over it. "Probably," he said, "this will be no more seen by any human eye, but will remain there till the earth and the works thereof are burnt up." That, of course, is as may be; but hitherto everything is on Wesley's side, for the church, although once seriously menaced by fire, seems to flourish more and more. Very recently it was restored and embellished, fine stained-glass windows and a magnificent organ built in two parts, one on each side of the building, being added. Another



WESLEY'S TOMB.

interesting, and somewhat picturesque, feature of the renovation was the introduction of seven colossal pillars of jasper, subscribed for by each of the seven colonial Wesleyan churches, each column bearing the name of the colony which presented it. Four of these are visible in the illustration.

The greatest curiosity in the interior of the church is Wesley's original pulpit, an elegant piece of workmanship in Spanish mahogany. Modern ideas have lowered it somewhat from its original commanding height. How lofty it was at first may be gathered from a portion of the pedestal which now adorns the vestibule, or, better still, from the curious old print in the vestry, showing Wesley preaching to an assembly of divines. The picture in question is a portrait-group containing several hundred heads, the perspective and proportion of which are somewhat defective, especially in the heads which peer over the gallery front. It is safer not to inquire where the "bodies of divinity" are accommodated, for the gallery seems all too shallow. Sacred art, however, affords a good precedent for this graphic error; Raphael's cartoon of "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes" showing a boat woefully inadequate to the disciples' inches. At the restoration of the church the original decoration of the gallery front was



WESLEY'S PULPIT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOLAS, OXFORD STREET, W.



WESLEY'S STATUE IN THE CITY ROAD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BOLAS, OXFORD STREET, W.

discovered under generations of paint. It is a chaste classical design, showing the alternating metope and triglyph of the Doric frieze. The metopes are decorated with the dove and olive-branch. The painting is now, as at first, white picked out with gold. The design, by the way, is plainly visible in the old print already alluded to.

The walls of the vestry are covered with portraits and prints of Wesleyan divines. More interesting still than these are several collections of autograph letters of the founder, displayed in cases glazed and hung like ordinary picture-frames. In the centre of the room is a massive oak table, of cumbrous and inelegant shape, but of ideal steadiness. It suffered somewhat in the fire, and still appears scarred and blistered, any attempt at renovation having been deemed inappropriate. The beautiful old desk, with its folding-doors, pigeon-holes, and secret recess, is of oak veneered with Spanish walnut. This relic is sorely coveted by American pilgrims, who have offered as much as 10,000 dollars for it, but the curators of Wesley House are not to be tempted. Even higher bids have been made for Wesley's eight-day clock, also in vain; and the preacher's chair, an unpretending but not uncomfortable household god, is said to be worth its weight in gold. The divine's Wedgwood teapot, inscribed with the familiar old English grace before meat, has not suffered in value or interest by a broken spout. This genial adjunct of the social hour is already well known, but hitherto no one seems to have noted the spelling of Paradise with a "c." To the potter, as regards orthography, the clay might well have murmured, as in old Kháyyám's song, "Gently, brother; gently, pray!"

The announcement that Wesley House is in part to be used as a museum has had the usual effect upon the bogus antiquity market. If a Transatlantic organ is speaking seriously, we are to understand that already the managers have been besieged with offers of "Wesley" furniture and clothes "on a scale implying that the divine owned a warehouse stocked

with junk, and that his wardrobe was as elaborate as that of Beau Brummel in his palmiest days."*

Wesley's statue stands in the small quadrangle which separates the church from the City Road. Behind the church, in a small graveyard, the great evangelist is buried, in a vault which he had prepared for himself and for those itinerant preachers who might die in London. A plain obelisk commemorates his work and virtues. Wesley expired at his house hard by on March 2, 1791. For his funeral he left the most minute and singular directions. "Let me be buried," he said, "in nothing but what is woollen, and let my corpse be carried in my coffin into the chapel." He ordained that the bearers should be six poor men, each of whom received, under his will, the sum of twenty shillings. It was his particular desire that there should be "no hearse, no coach, no escutcheon, no pomp except the tears of them that love me and are following me to Abraham's bosom." On the day before the funeral the body lay in the chapel in state, robed in gown, cassock, and bands, with the old clerical cap on the head, a Bible in one hand, and (curious touch, significant of the days of melting pulpit oratory) a white handkerchief in the other. So vast were the crowds thronging the chapel that it was decided, for fear of accidents, to hasten the interment, which accordingly took place between five and six in the morning. Complete secrecy was, however, out of the question, and, early as the hour was, many hundreds of persons contrived to be present

to pay their last tribute of respect to Wesley's memory. At City Road the Wesley family is still represented, the present accomplished organist being Mr. Glenn Wesley, grandson of Charles and grandnephew of John Wesley.

It is satisfactory to know that the Wesley House is not to be made a mere show and nothing more. The rooms on the first floor are being used for the accommodation of four nursing sisters, who will carry on mission work in the district under the direction of a warden. The house was dedicated to this service on the last anniversary of Wesley's death.



WESLEY'S TEAPOT.



WESLEY'S CHAIR.



WESLEY'S DESK.

THE NEEDS AND DEEDS OF THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

It is usual for the visitor to a hospital to be shown the excellences of the institution, more especially if he is there for the purpose of making a report calculated to draw subscriptions from an interested public. A rather different method, however (and a wise one), was followed the other afternoon by the Hon. Sydney Holland, the enthusiastic Chairman of the London Hospital, Mile End Road, when he conducted several Press representatives over that ancient and beneficent institution, the future welfare of which is at present causing its directors and well-wishers considerable anxiety. To make a long story short, the London Hospital is crippled in its great work for the East-End poor by many constructional defects, and to these Mr. Sydney Holland drew special attention, believing that a plain statement of the needs as well as of the deeds of the institution would be the very best means of rallying to it that generous and wide support which it so well deserves.

Before mentioning the particular embarrassments of the London Hospital, it may, however, be advisable to say a word about the splendid service which, despite its encumbrances, it renders to a huge district, the most densely crowded in the Metropolis. Situated in the very heart of Whitechapel, the London Hospital is the only general hospital for the whole of East London. Founded in 1740, the institution was first accommodated in four houses (with 136 beds) in Prescott Street, Goodman's Fields. In 1752 the present building was begun, and the work of the hospital has from that time steadily increased, until to-day it can show a record of 11,146 in-patients and 161,033 out-patients treated during 1897, and these all thoroughly deserving cases. Several separate departments, such as those for Children, Maternity, and Cancer, are more extensive than other Metropolitan hospitals set apart for the special treatment of these.

Various causes, one of them the removal Westwards of wealthy people who formerly lived in East London, have operated to curtail to a very serious degree the annual income of the hospital. Then, too, the

advance in medicine and surgery, and also the ever-growing needs of the district, have largely increased the necessary expenditure. Accordingly, unless £10,000 a-year increase of income can be secured, the committee fear that the work of the hospital must be greatly curtailed.

The committee's quinquennial appeal falls to be made just at present, so that there was a pleasant element of timeliness in the visit which

The Sketch representative paid to the great benevolent institution in the Mile End Road; for the exposition of the hospital's chief wants, as shown by the Chairman, finds its way into these pages just at the moment when help is most urgently needed.

The visitors, with enthusiastic temerity, cried, "Show us the worst," and their guide readily consented. As a kind precaution, however, he introduced us gradually to the defects of the hospital. First came a visit to the Queen Ward for sick children. This ward looks so airy and cheerful that one fancies there can be little the matter with it; but it is overcrowded. There are fifty-three patients. Children's wards should never contain more than twenty patients. At London Hospital lately the authorities have constantly had to remove all these into adult wards (overcrowding these in turn), owing to persistent infectious outbreaks. If the £26,500 so urgently needed can be obtained, this great hindrance to the efficiency of the institution will be removed. Meantime, the

occupants of the Queen Ward have every chance that medical and surgical skill and the devotion of the Sisters can afford. The youngest patient was a tiny, unconscious atom of a few days old, thus early begun to bear the burden of sickness. Close at hand lay a five months' mite, the brightest and most intelligent imp imaginable, with speaking eyes. A little further on lay another months'-old baby, horribly disfigured with hare-lip and cleft palate, awaiting operation, which the house-surgeon remarked would be quite successful.

In the hour between tea-time and bed-time it is usual to bring the convalescent children up to the fire-place on mattresses, a change they



A CORNER OF THE CHILDREN'S WARD.



THE QUEEN WARD.

enjoy tremendously. Great trouble, however, was experienced by the wayward flock straggling all over the floor. Accordingly, a sort of loose-box was ingeniously devised, and there they now sport within defined limits, to the great relief of the nurses. It is an amusing sight. Equally diverting is the huge perambulator, accommodating a dozen occupants, in which convalescent children take exercise in the garden.

From the cheerful children's ward we passed to the Gloucester, and here the tale of defect deepened. Among minor drawbacks was the lack of complete cross-ventilation, also of painting to the ceiling; but other and graver faults were pointed out. Some were quite obvious; the whole ward trembled with the vibration of heavy machinery, the noise of which was continually audible. There was a suggestion, too, of a temperature which augured ill for the height of summer. The reason was soon found. Pressure of space, or rather, the ill-contrivance of a former day, placed the hospital laundry immediately below the ward. It requires small imagination to conceive how huge must be the weekly washing-bill of such an institution, and how correspondingly great the laundry that overtakes it. That this vaporous, hot, and noisy department should be situated right below a ward where the sick are lying is certainly a grievous anomaly, and one that should speedily be corrected.

Beneath the same ward, or one closely adjoining, is another important department that ought to be accommodated elsewhere—the kitchen. Not only is the mere situation objectionable, but the accommodation is utterly inadequate. The hospital kitchen, indeed, where 225 lb. of beef are roasted daily, is no bigger than that of an ordinary country house, and yet, handicapped as he is, the genial *chef* provides for patients and then goes on to provide for the staff. He has little time for rest, and until very recently had no place in which to snatch his brief moment of repose. Now, however, a small glazed sitting-room has been provided for him—where do you think?—in the kitchen! That by no means spacious chamber is underground and has only borrowed light, so that in the *chef's* sanctum the illumination is doubly borrowed.

As we passed through the various wards we saw everywhere the evidences of admirable management. But the need for improved accommodation was no less evident. There is at present insufficient surgical accommodation. In Talbot Ward we saw a patient, racked with pain from necrosis of the jaw, already shaved and prepared for the operation that was to give him relief. Yet, owing to the pressure of equally necessitous cases in the operating theatres, it was doubtful whether this poor man's turn would come that day. Such cases are of daily occurrence. The urgent need of funds for extension is, therefore, plainly manifest. The ophthalmic wards also need drastic reform.

A great scheme of extension is now afoot. It is proposed to raise the entire building two storeys, at a cost of £26,500. For this purpose a bazaar will be held in June in the Hotel Cecil. The hospital scarcely requires words to recommend it to public-sympathy. But for its beneficent help, thousands of poor families who have but a week's work between them and the workhouse must sink to abject destitution, for that is what prolonged sickness means in Whitechapel. The work must suffer no diminution, for the poor of the East End have no other door to turn to in time of need. The West-End poor, if denied one infirmity, may turn to another. The East-End poor have only the London Hospital. Its deeds are great; at present its needs are great also. All readers of *The Sketch* willing to help should intimate subscriptions to the Treasurer, London Hospital, E., who will give receipts for the same.



THE LONDON HOSPITAL AS IT ROSE AMID THE HAPPY FIELDS (NOW WHITECHAPEL) IN 1752.

A STRANGE YACHT.

The other afternoon I saw a strange model yacht on the Serpentine. It was large for a model, but small for a yacht. And yet it was going through such a variety of evolutions as to create a conviction that there must be some human director on board. For half a minute or so it would beat straight up the water, then pause, tack in the most methodical



A CURIOUS MECHANICAL YACHT WHICH SAILS THE SERPENTINE.

Photo by H. C. Shelley.

manner, and be off in another direction. The longer one gazed, the greater the mystery grew. The boat was too far out to be controlled by a line from the shore, and, besides, its movements were of a kind to rule the line theory out of court. At last I saw it dash to its owner, who proved to be Mr. Herbert Consterdine, and I interviewed him on the spot.

The *Nydia*, he told me, is the original and experimental model for working out the idea of automatically changing tacks and steering due leeward (or otherwise) without spinnaker or weighted rudder. She cove's about eight feet over all spars, and is about the same height. The distance to be run on each tack and the proportion of one tack to the other can be regulated. There is no motor-power in her other than that necessary for an ordinary yacht, namely, the wind. The wind drives the vessel, and the revolving log is responsible for the distance travelled on each tack. To start the *Nydia* the helm is put down, foresail and jib are slackened away, which causes her to run up into the wind or "luff." The foresail is held fast to windward till she is pulled over on the next tack, then it is let go, and the helm takes its proper position, and away she goes till she has accomplished her distance; then she goes about again in a similar way as above described, starboard and port alternately, and on equal or unequal lengths, as set by the operator previous to sending her on a cruise. If her skipper (who, by the way,

always stays ashore) does not care to walk round the lake to meet her on the weather shore, he may set her for the number of tacks he wishes her to make, after the completion of which she will automatically let out her mainsail, and steer back to the lee shore from where she started. Of course, true winds are more favourable than unsteady and fluky ones for the manœuvres of all sailing vessels. The *Nydia* has been seen at work at Southsea, Portsmouth, and elsewhere. Her machinery is a combination of unique and original inventions, but is extremely simple in principle.

Now here is a distinct opportunity for the American Government. Let Mr. Consterdine's services be obtained, and then request permission to apply his invention to every ship in the Spanish fleet. This done, the machinery should be set to bring each ship to a certain spot, where the United States Navy would, of course, be waiting to receive them. The mere landsman may well hesitate to suggest other adaptations of this nautical automaton, but he cannot quite resist visions of liners ploughing the seas without e'er a sailor on board, and returning to the port whence they started.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



MOTHER : I don't think you ought to expect him to propose just yet, my dear.
DAUGHTER : Well, Ma, I think he 's kept me in the dark quite long enough.



THE THRILLING SCENE IN THE FIRST ACT OF "THE CONQUERORS," WHERE YVONNE DE GRANDPRÉ THROWS A GLASS OF WINE IN THE FACE OF LIEUTENANT VON RODECK, WHO HAS INSULTED FRANCE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

'TWIXT HEATH AND SKY-LINE.

Y HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

The girl came out through the broad doorway of the wrinkled old house, and stood with her elbows on the gate that grudged admittance to the courtyard. A low flank of the moor pretended to give shelter to the Hall, but the wind ran down and laughed at the whimsical conceit: it was warm, this wind, with the aftermath of sunshine, and the taste of it in the mouth was the taste of heather-honey. Over the sweeping wastes of heath the summer twilight was settling, like an anthem in a sober key.

The girl stood there looking across the moor and dreaming. There was Cunliffe of the Black House, who coveted her, and Heaton of Whins Hall, who loved her. Why was Heaton so slow to speak? she wondered. It was not good to feed on her hatred of Cunliffe; yet the man she loved would give her no strong food of a better sort. When women have suckled at the moor-breasts, they think it no shame to confess the nakedness of their hearts; and to-night the full-bodied warmth of wind and weather, the witchery of the darkening moor, set a keener edge to passion.

From the back of the house, where the mists were, came the sound of cattle moving uneasily in their stalls. Looking over her shoulder, the girl caught a glimpse of a sturdy, thick-set figure crossing from the kitchen to the cow-house; it was Jose Crabtree, one of the farm-men.

"A fine evening, Jose," she called, in her rich, North-Country voice.

"Humph! noan so bad," growled Jose. "Noan so bad, wi' th' rum maks o' weather God A'mighty gies us nowadays. It mud hev been war, Miss Janet, an' that's about all ye can say for't."

"Go to your cows," laughed Janet. "You are a grumbler, Jose. We have not had such a night since the summer came in."

"Ower dry for th' crops," mumbled Jose, and disappeared.

The girl turned again to her musings. A curlew began to wail from some distant marsh; the still moor stars crept out of the gloom and looked down on the battered house, on the supple girlish figure, on the strip of grey-walled garden where the stocks and marigolds grew. If only Phil Heaton were here! With the thought came a petulant sigh; then she lifted her firm, round arms, locked them behind her head, and stared at the taciturn sweep of moor as if she would bring her laggard in love, willy-nilly, across the three miles that intervened between Whins Hall and herself.

Suddenly a step sounded on the highroad, and Janet leaned eagerly forward, peering into the greyness. Under the simple, tight-fitting dress of brown her bosom rose and fell unevenly.

"It is Phil, surely it is Phil," she whispered.

But it was Cunliffe of the Black House who swung round the corner and came up to the gate. He stood looking at her, half frowning, and said never a word until she curtly demanded what his business was.

"I came for the pleasure of seeing our Rose of the Moors," said he jeeringly.

"Then you may go back the way you came, Roger Cunliffe, for you'll get little pleasure out of me. *Rose of the Moors!* Who taught you that piece of foolishness?"

"It is the name you are known by through the countryside—and not a bad name, either, Janet."

"What do you want?" repeated the girl, drumming her finger-tips on the top bar of the gate.

"Suppose I tell you there is trouble afoot?" He eyed her narrowly.

"Trouble? What trouble should there be?"

"Suppose you learnt that your father was lying in the middle of the moor, just above Whins Quarry?"

"Father?" She laid a quick hand on his arm. "Why didn't you tell me at first?"

"Because you mistook me for a bit of mud under your feet," he cried savagely. "Because you've the devil's pride, and I would give a year of my life to flout you into anger."

She shrank away a little. Her face, the whole set of her figure, spoke of a defiance that was half afraid. Cunliffe, smiling through his frowns, watched the war of doubt with anger; he knew that he was playing a master-card.

The girl's grey eyes looked steadfastly at him from under the straight brows. "If only you Cunliffes were not such liars," she said musingly. "How did father come to be crossing the moor at all? He meant to spend the night in Ludworth."

Cunliffe laughed. "Even the liars tell a plain tale, Janet, now and then. I met him in Ludworth; I was going to walk home, and he said he would come with me. I don't blame him for changing his mind, not I; if I had as pretty a Janet to come home to, I should spend no nights at Ludworth."

Like a flash she leaned over the gate and struck him across the face. The blow was a smart one, but it only made Cunliffe of the Black House laugh the more.

"Such pretty ways you have, little scornful one," he muttered.

"Be quiet, be quiet, I tell you!" stamping her foot. "What is this of my father? It is not like you, Roger Cunliffe, to come on an errand of mercy; it is just like you to plan some sneaking treachery."

The girl began to walk uneasily up and down the smooth white

cobbles of the courtyard. If her father were really lying out there on the moor, ill and alone, how could she do otherwise than go, even at the risk of Cunliffe's treachery?

"What has happened to him?" she asked again, as she tried to read the man's face, standing out sullen and swarthy from the twilight.

"We were walking fast along a sheep-track; he caught his foot in one of the poachers' snares and fell heavily. I fancy his leg is broken. He wants you to run on to him with brandy, while I look after a man to help me carry him."

Janet hesitated a moment; then, "Yes, I will go," she said. "You will find Jose among the cows; bring him with you, and make what haste you can."

"You believe me, then, at last?" said Cunliffe harshly.

"No, but I half believe you, and that leaves me no choice. Don't stand there as if you were moonstruck," she broke off, irritated by her own perplexity of mind. "Go and do your share of the work, and I will do mine."

"And no thanks for it in the end?"

"That is as it may be," retorted Janet, running indoors.

Cunliffe crept softly under shelter. The girl reappeared, went out at the gate, walked quickly across the naked upland. Soon Cunliffe, straining his eyes, could only just see her, a slender, grey-cloaked figure passing the thunder-riven pine on the hill-crest. He left his hiding-place and followed. Superstition was strong in Cunliffe of the Black House, as it is in all the moor-folk; he halted a moment as he reached the solitary hilltop pine, and was loth to go on, remembering the tales his father had told him of the Boggart's Tree, round which dead murderers danced at nightfall to a tune of the devil's making. But desire outran fear, and he pressed on nearer and nearer to the grey figure that was mounting the opposite rise.

Janet, thinking only of her father, lying in agony at the edge of Whins Quarry, Janet heard the rumble of stones, turned, and saw Cunliffe slipping down the steep bank of shale behind her. She understood now.

It was too late to go back; she must race across the wide strip of moor that lay between her and the nearest farm.

Cunliffe raised a mad shout and racketed up the last rise. There was nothing but level heath between them now. The stars crowded more thickly into the sky and watched the race with straining eyes. Just the two figures held that wide moor-stage; the girl running with clipped breath between the scratchy heather branches, the man following hard in pursuit. From under their feet, the feet of the pursued and the pursuer, the grouse rose, chuckling harshly or screaming with ribald mirth; on either hand the plover wheeled uneasily; away to the left, at the edge of the sullen marshland, a curlew made its comfortless complaint. But neither of these two hurrying figures knew aught of outward cries; they heard only the inward throbbing. The star-riddled vault of heaven seemed to the girl to move round and round in dizzy, never-ending circles.

She stopped at last, beyond hope of another forward stride. The man's arms closed about her; she felt his breath hot on her cheek, and sickened. Then she bethought her of the brave moor-women who had gone before; she set her strong hands about Cunliffe's throat, and drove each separate finger home. His grip loosened, hers tightened; he gasped for air, while she found breath to laugh.

"You sought me, Roger Cunliffe, and you have found—death," she whispered, with a queer little gasp in her voice.

But Cunliffe had recovered from his first amazement at the girl's fury. He unlocked her hands from his throat, and stood with his hot eyes eating through her flesh.

"Nay, I have found—Janet," he muttered.

A deathly quiet. Against the girl's breast her heart was beating like hammer on the anvil. If only she had loathed him less!

There was no sound now of grouse or plover, bittern or snipe. The moor was thinking her own deep thoughts. Down by the lone belt of marshes a will-o'-the-wisp danced fitfully among the rustling sedge. On a sudden a great cry came out of the stillness; and then, mastering the cry, a whisper, awful in its restraint.

"God of Heaven, You must give me help," prayed the girl. But she had not prayed, until the last hope of her own strength had gone.

The moor-god heard and answered. And now there were three figures standing between the dark heather and the star-crammed sky. A bloody moon forced her way through the mist that hugged the grey sky-line, showing a man taller than Cunliffe, his master in shoulder-breadth. It was Heaton of Whins Hall. The two men eyed each other steadfastly; the girl threw back her head and laughed aloud.

"What is this, Janet?" said Heaton quietly.

"This? It was nearly ruin, Phil." She came a step nearer, and her eyes were very wistful; the laughter had gone clean out of them.

Roger Cunliffe shifted his ground a little, and stiffened his sinews as best he might.

But Heaton made no movement. He just stood there like one carved in stone. "Tell me, Janet, am I too late? I heard your cry as I was passing down the quarry road, and I came, and—is it too late?"

"No, not too late. You are in time, Phil—in time—to kill him."

Still he stood there like a passionless, carved thing. The girl eyed



THE SCENE IN "THE CONQUERORS" WHERE THE INNKEEPER IS KILLED BY LIEUTENANT VON RODECK FOR ATTACKING YVONNE DE GRANDPRÉ, WHO FAINTS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

him wonderingly; it was not his way to pluck thus hardily at passion's curb-rein. And Cunliffe laughed harshly.

"Tell me all," said Heaton.

"I was standing at the gate; someone came round the bend in the road—I hoped it was you, Phil—but instead it was—that beast." Again Cunliffe laughed, setting a keener edge to the girl's tongue. "He lied, as all his breed have done since time was. He said that father was lying in the middle of the moor; he had caught in one of the poachers' snares and broken his leg at the knee. I had no choice but to go to him."

"It was a good lie, eh, Heaton?" chuckled Cunliffe of the Black House. He was reckless now. "Janet is too quick for us generally; why didn't she remember that the snares are set to the height of a grouse's head? No man could catch his foot in one. I tell you, she knew I was lying, and she wanted to come, and—"

"Wait," said Heaton, still very quiet. "Wait and let me hear the end."

Janet told him all in a few words. "So I went, Phil," she finished. "I was fool enough to trust a Cunliffe, and I went. I looked round when half the distance was covered, and behind me I saw a figure creeping. I ran, and he followed; he gained on me; he—oh, God! oh, God!—But, Phil, you came in time."

For a space there was silence. Then, "I should still have loved you, Janet," said Heaton, "even if—"

Their eyes met, and they laughed, like little children, for sheer joy at the knowledge that one had forced upon the other. Cunliffe of the Black House glowered at them, but said no word—only told himself bitterly that this was their betrothal, that he alone was responsible for it.

Janet was crying now. "Why—Phil, *why* did you never tell me before?" she sobbed.

But Heaton did not so much as hear her. He had stepped to Cunliffe's side, and closed with him; there was a reckoning to be paid before he received the first-fruits of his love. This way and that the two men swayed: Cunliffe wrestled and clawed and cursed, but at his strength's best he was no match for his enemy; how should he prevail now, at his strength's lowest ebb? Heaton gathered him into his arms as if he had been a woman, and set off across the dry green of the heather.

Janet followed her lover. "Where are you going?" she asked.

"To Devil's Bog," said Heaton, and strode on.

A flicker of joy leaped and died in the girl's face. The moor seemed to be an old friend once again, now that she had guessed the sequel.

They reached the sullen place, with the sparse rushes fringing its bank, like bristles on an old crone's chin. As it was on the stagnant surface, so it was down, down, further than plummet-line had ever sounded—depth after depth of motionless, pitch-black ooze. The moor has a sweeter breath than the cities; but, like the cities, she too has her places of darkness and dread and loathsomeness.

Heaton of Whins Hall unlocked his soul at last. He yelled as he swung the body clear into the waiting bed of slime. Cunliffe of the Black House fell soft, but seemed to like his lodging none the more for all that. He struggled and tried to scream, and his voice hung midway in his throat, as if to strangle him.

"Damn you, Heaton! the girl's—not worth—worth it—Heaton! Help me—I'm sinking—sinking, you fool, do you hear?"

But Heaton laughed mirthlessly. The bog eats slowly, and he was glad that the feast would not be over just yet. Janet stood, utterly quiet, and watched the man she hated sink inch by inch.

Then a new thought struck Heaton; he would dally still longer with this honey-sweet retribution. Only yesterday he had come to the margin here with one of his shepherds, in search of a missing sheep; they had seen the edge of its back above the ooze—given up from the depths, after the bog's mysterious fashion, when the whim takes it—and had pulled it ashore with the help of a crooked stick. He had rated the shepherd, he remembered, for leaving the crook at the bog-side; haply it was here yet. Yes, he could see the polished head, with the moon-glint on it, upstanding from a clump of bracken. He planted the crook under Cunliffe's shoulder, and drew him to the edge, and held him against further sinking.

Cunliffe of the Black House gibbered and mowed at him.

"You'll save me yet, you fool? Yes, oh yes; you'll save me—just a piece of folly—what's the odds between men? Women—curse them!—have such fond notions about— By hell, though, I can't stand it much longer. My feet, Heaton! I can't feel them—the cold's striking higher—to my waist now. God, have you no pity, no pity? Janet, you'll help me out? You—"

But pity had place neither in the eyes of the woman nor in the face of Philip Heaton, holding a crooked stick between his victim and a foul Hereafter. Janet had seated herself close to the brink; her face was resting in her hands, as she watched the moonlight play with the wanness of Cunliffe's cheeks and remembered how nearly he had wrecked her peace.

"There are slow-moving worms in there," said Heaton softly—"dull, blind things that fatten on such as you; they will have a merry festival."

"Heaton—pity—there's a spell of warm life in my veins yet. I must live—live, I tell you! I won't die!"

Heaton quivered with contempt. It angered and shamed him, far more than the offence itself, that this paltry fool, bred of the same stiff upland race as himself, should not have pluck to take his punishment like a man. He turned to Janet. "Shall he die?" he said.

Janet raised her eyes; they were hard and stern, and called for retribution. "Yes," she answered in a clear voice. "It must be wiped out, Phil."

He dislodged the crook from its resting-place. Cunliffe began to sink, quietly, imperceptibly.

When the ooze had crept up to his shoulders, "Shall he die?" repeated Janet's lover.

"Yes."

Twice to-night the moor had heard the crack of human heart-strings, but this second cry was more awful than its forerunner. Janet had cried for fear of a changed order in her life; but Cunliffe shrieked aloud in the final bitterness of death. Away and away across the moor it billowed, echoing in every hollow, hurtling through the ling, rising at last to strike the sky itself at the far-meeting-place of mist and heath. The grouse heard it and chattered anew; the wind heard it and grew dumb with horror.

And meanwhile the ooze had stolen to Cunliffe's chin.

"Shall he die?" asked Heaton yet a third time.

"Yes, let the bog-worms claim him."

Like a living thing, the bog sucked and sucked at its prey, crept closer to his mouth, lest he should longer plead and so escape its waiting belly; burrowed its lithe, voiceless way towards his nostrils; strove to hide him, body and soul, in its nether darkness.

Heaton of Whins Hall looked steadily into his mistress's eyes. "Will you save him yet?"

The woman leaped into her face. Vengeance was sweet, but pity was sweeter yet. "Yes, yes! lift him out—be quick, Phil, be quick, or it will be too late!"

Heaton drew his victim to the bank and laid him on the bare peat. He leaned over the body, buffeted it this way and that in his anxiety to bring back the life that Janet had stooped to ask of him. At last there came a faint sigh, and Cunliffe of the Black House moved uneasily.

"He will live, damn him!" said Heaton.

"Let him be," pleaded the woman. "I have your love, Phil, and what else matters?"

The curlew wailed from the marshes, the moor-winds rustled the heather. She crept close up to him, and pulled down his face to hers. And they two had done with vengeance.

OF THE MINIATURE.

Miniature-painting is a revived art, and Society is once again its patron.

When Georgius Tertius held the throne,
And Fashion courted Folly,
The mighty men were carved in stone
By gorgeous Mr. Nolly;
But all the fair,
With towering hair,
High waists and silken wallet,
Relied for praise
In future days
On Richard Cosway's palette.

Thus, many a powdered beau and belle
Owe glory to his touches;
His countless little ivories tell
Of commoner and duchess.
Their claim to fame
Were else too lame,
Yet Time the Traitor blinks it.
Their charm still awes,
And all because
Ricardus Cosway pinxit.

To-day the Sun himself can paint:
His brushes?—photographic.
And yet his fancy's far to faint,
He makes no maid seraphic.
He paints for all,
The great and small,
From princes to postilions;
Yet black and white
Is all his right,
While Cosway used vermilions.

Nigh four score years and ten have gone
Since Cosway passed, lamented:
The world forgot him, rolling on,
And then one day repented.
It lost its heart
To Cosway's art,
Before his fame grew fainter;
So Ninety-Eight
Must imitate
This Prince of Wales's painter.

ENVOY.

Prince—painter to a royal prince—
The world is spinning faster;
And we have drunk of wisdom since,
Yet are you still a master.

THE NEW OPERA AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

MISS PAULINE JORAN, PRIMA DONNA.

The combination of Sullivan, Pinero, and Carr is new for the Savoy, and the prima donna, Miss Pauline Joran, is also fresh to Mr. Carte's company. She is a native of Chicago, and, young though she be, has been before the public for some twenty years, having made her début as



MISS JORAN, PRIMA DONNA AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

a pianist at the ripe age of four. For eight years she remained a pianist, constantly appearing with her two sisters in San Francisco and other cities. Then for two years she studied the violin, after which the youthful trio made a long and successful tour through the greater part of the United States, including the Western States. After this came a trip to Honolulu; then a long tour of two years all over Australia, followed by a jaunt through Spanish America and Mexico. Here the success of the new Savoyard became an absolute craze. She was the first lady violinist that had appeared in the country. Bull-fights in the great cities were held "in honour of Señorita Paulina and the Republic," and torch-light processions were a mild form of displaying Mexican appreciation. In Mexico Miss Joran first began to sing, and in 1890 appeared in the then peaceful city of Havana, billed as "the celebrated pianist, violinist, and singer." Meeting Eugen d'Albert in New York, she went, on his advice, with her mother and sisters to Berlin. Here she studied the violin with Emil Sauret, and singing with the great Wagnerian, Julius Hey. Prepared with a violinist repertoire of Mendelssohn, Dvorák, Spohr, Bruch, and such masters, she came, on Sauret's advice, to London, and made her first appearance here as a violinist at the Crystal Palace.

Shortly afterwards, Mascagni had just composed "L'Amico Fritz." Someone was wanted who could both sing and play the violin. Fortunately for all, the veteran Wilhelm Ganz chanced to hear Miss Joran sing. He knew of her violin, and thus, all of a sudden, Miss Joran began her operatic career. For a year she was a member of the Carl Rosa Company, singing "L'Amico Fritz" and other parts. Then Sir Augustus Harris heard her sing, and, until his death, she sang leading soprano rôles at Covent Garden, amongst which were Marguerite, Carmen, Santuzza, and Nedda in "I Pagliacci," which was, perhaps, her greatest success. Miss Joran was the second artist to sing "La Navarraise" throughout the chief cities of England; Calvé, who sang it four times, being the first. During these years Miss Joran paid winter visits to Italy, where she used to sing her chief parts in the Teatro Lyrico of Milan, and in Pesaro, where she again met Mascagni. These two had made their début simultaneously at Covent Garden in Mascagni's "L'Amico Fritz," and their success was repeated in the composer's home in a scene of flower-throwing, culminating in a torch-light procession of enthusiasm such as we more stolid Northerners seldom display.

MISS RUTH VINCENT.

Another young lady who in the action of the piece comes, like Miss Joran, under the baneful influence of the Beauty Stone is Miss Ruth Vincent; but, unlike Miss Joran, she is known to no other stage than that of the Savoy Theatre, where she has now been with Mr. D'Oyly Carte for the last three years. When but a girl of seventeen, Miss Vincent found herself in a position to try her fortune on the operatic stage. She obtained an introduction to the late Sir Augustus Harris, who, having taken stock of her, offered her forthwith a small part in one of his companies. This part was little to Miss Vincent's taste, and almost immediately after, as she was passing the doors of the Savoy Theatre in her sister's company, the thought came to her that inside those doors she might find the employment she sought. Mrs. Carte, having seen her and heard her sing, promptly "took her in charge," and used all her great experience in having her duly trained for comic opera. Her sweet voice, coupled with the temperamental charm she undeniably possesses, soon found the place her qualifications fitted her for. After some minor appearances in the Savoy chorus, Miss Vincent was selected for the character of Kate in "The Yeomen of the Guard," at the same time understudying Madame Palmay, who played the heroine. When the latter left the cast, Miss Vincent's chance came; her bewitching performance of Elsie gave the first inkling to Savoy audiences of what might be presently expected of her. "The Grand Duchess" followed; here she played a lesser part, until the deplorable illness of Miss Florence St. John necessitated that lady's retirement, and Miss Vincent was called upon to play the title-rôle, wherein she trod, not unworthily, in the steps of Miss St. John. In "The Gondoliers" revival we saw Miss Vincent as a graceful, sympathetic Casilda—a part which she played entirely on Mr. Gilbert's rehearsing and her own judgment, never having seen Miss Decima Moore in the original production. But her present part, Laine, is, in point of fact, her first creation. It is one that gives full scope to her natural sweetness and charm, and, under the authors' skilful guidance, she has learnt to play it admirably. The selection of Miss Vincent for such a part, in such a play as "The Beauty Stone,"



MISS RUTH VINCENT.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

clearly shows how highly she, in spite of her youth, is valued at headquarters, and must prove a source of satisfaction to her tutor, Mr. Fred Walker, R.A.M. The conviction borne in upon one is that Miss Vincent—or, more properly, Miss Vincent-Bunn, for she comes of the old Norfolk family—now but twenty-one years of age, is likely to become one of the great "draws" of London.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

That menace about the peril of "a little learning" must be added to the exploded ideas of the world. So far as literary translation goes, at all events, one is driven to the conclusion that the less learning a translator of *belles lettres* has, the better. Florio was a poor French scholar; but he wrote his own language superbly, and so now he is own



THE ESSEX TEAM.

Photo by Symmons and Co., Douverie Street.

brother to Montaigne. FitzGerald's knowledge of Persian has been impugned over and over again. But he made a great poet for us English, if he did not find just that one in the original Omar. He had the high artistic merit that he wrote for English readers—the merit to which a mere scholar is always blind. Omar has been meddled with, I hear, in these weeks by a most conscientious, most learned student of Persian. All the cultivated world will agree, insincerely, to praise the attempt, and will continue to read FitzGerald. But just now I am more concerned with a similar attempt on Hafiz—only it is an aggravated case. The culprit is that excellent scholar, that excellent writer, Dr. Walter Leaf. But he has been smitten with the malady which once overtook Mr. Robinson Ellis, who wrote a book of puzzle-English and called it a translation of Catullus. This is the kind of thing Dr. Leaf gives us, after a most eloquent eulogy, in the preface, of the singing qualities of Hafiz—

Alack, these saucy Lûles, dear beguilers that the town
embroid,
The wantons tear the heart-strings as the Turks their
plunder-banquetry.

And this—

With thy eye for torch, thy love-lock in the night my
heart doth waylay—
The marauder bold, that such light on his thieving
naught concerneth!

And this—

All they that behold his drunken eyes' glance
Cry, "Call for the reeve, the drunk that taketh."
Is it all a "deeficault joke"? Is this a scholar's
way-of laughing at ignorant folks?

Among the verse-books of the month is one that must strike all sensitive critics as both impressive and pathetic. It is, in its way, so good, and it is so lonely and so—I use the word regretfully—uncalled-for. I am referring to the republication of the late Miss Louisa Shore's drama of "Hannibal" (Richards). It was first issued thirty-seven years ago, in March 1861. The date is significant. I venture to think that the generation of women then in their activity was much more intellectual than the better-trained one of to-day. Schools and discipline and opportunities have come between; these widen the mind, make it tough, agile, ready for the work of the day. But the women of our mothers' time had all the force which aspiration gives; and a much-disinterested interest in things of the mind.

They were the contemporaries of George Eliot, and were a good deal tinged by the same kind of earnestness; and they had the same limitations. There is something a little unhumorous and too "high-falutin'" about their attempts; but there is nothing ostentatious or vulgar—and the ostentatious and the vulgar have entered to a most alarming degree into the literary efforts of their successors. Miss Shore was a classical scholar, and made a serious attempt to revive the classic drama. It was a valiant effort. Her "Hannibal" is literature; it is readable—at least, all born readers will find it so. There is a strong grasp of the hero's personality; and there is poetry in the execution as well as in the conception. Yet I hardly think it should have been revived. It cannot live. Intellect, interest in the classical drama, and a dignified sense of form, are much; but they are not half enough to meet the demands of life. "Hannibal" is what would be called in another art, "students' work," excellent "students' work," a thousand times more valuable as achievement than the majority of the women's novels or verse that have a little vogue to-day—but by its seriousness, I must add also, by its heaviness, and by its creditably ambitious failure, out of date. Its austere garments look lonely beside the tawdry fineries of the hour. "Hannibal" is more notable as marking a stage in the journey of women's intellectual aspirations—there have been reactions since it appeared—than it is memorable in the history of nineteenth-century poetry.

One of the most readable stories I have met with for a long time is "The Lake of Wine" (Heinemann), by Mr. Bernard Capes. I think the writing is better than the story—a rare fault. The title is the picturesque name given to a famous ruby, which has been stolen and afterwards lost. To find it is the object of a gang of very pretty villains. There is a trifle too much circumstance about the story. Mr. Capes has perhaps forced his ingenuity unduly. It strikes me that ingenuity is not his strongest quality. He has better ones—an understanding of the many queer sides of human character, and a style always striking, and now and again beautiful. The book has nothing at all in common with the ordinary jewel mystery or detective story. It is on a much higher level. It fails where a poorer one would have succeeded; but Mr. Capes's failure only proves him capable of better things. His interesting hero, the heir of Lynne, deserved a finer contest in which to show his mettle. My grumble is really only the other side of a pleasant confidence in the powers of the author.—o. o.

ESSEX v. SURREY.

What weather has ushered in the opening match of the season, and yet a large crowd turned out at the County Ground, Leyton, to see Essex lick Surrey by six wickets. Turner's 102 not out was excellent.



THE SURREY TEAM.

Photo by Symmons and Co., Douverie Street.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The late oration of Mr. Chamberlain, and the unreported speech of Lord Salisbury to the bankers, though the latter was given to the winds, as in a *rol au vent à la financière*, have roused plenty of interest in the newspaper world at home and abroad. French and German journalists, penetrated with the conviction that Albion is, and must always be, perfidious, are already planning European leagues against the Anglo-Saxon, or settling what "compensation" to ask for not annihilating us just yet. On the whole, the "Birmingham foreign policy" has come very happily to distract public attention from the somewhat uninteresting game of hide-and-seek being played round the Caribbean Sea. The public now is exacting; it must have its battles—and real ones; you cannot always put it off with a massacre of mules. We forget how many weeks Nelson was hunting Villeneuve before the crowning day of Trafalgar. Our news comes to us so much more quickly than before that we want the events to happen more often. To a certain extent they do, but only to a certain extent. Our fleets and armies can get to grips much quicker than before, owing to steam; but, when they do get to grips, the result is much the same. A man can be killed or disabled only once, a ship once sunk is out of the game, and the most glowing and detailed report of Admiral Dewey's success will not make it any bigger than the event that Byng chronicled in his well-known despatch, "Spanish fleet taken or destroyed as per margin."

To a world of journalists in a high state of excitement, and with nothing, for the moment, to write about, Mr. Chamberlain's words, and what his chief might, could, should, or would have said, came as a real godsend. It is well known that Parisian scribes regard Joseph of Birmingham as a most dangerous man, a sort of civilian Boulanger. An Englishman may suggest that, if he is not more dangerous than the *brav' Général*, there is little need for alarm; but Frenchmen are so given to exaggerating the importance of their own countrymen, that for them to compare Chamberlain to Boulanger probably means that they have some apprehensions of the former. In fact, one fervid Gaul professes to believe that our Colonial Secretary intends to fall on the French fleet and crush it. Others, again, German for the most part, have seen in the speech merely a confession of impotence and an appeal for American and German alliance at any price.

The fact is that it does not do to take speeches too seriously; and still less to pay much attention to journalistic comments on these speeches. The substance of Mr. Chamberlain's oration was that for over forty years England has had no alliance with any Power; that this policy was all very well so long as the Great Powers were divided by their own jealousies and enmities, and left us free to do much as we liked in colonial and commercial matters, but was now out of date, when the Powers had grouped themselves into leagues, and were trying in several cases to oust Britain from her naval, trading, and colonial supremacy. Therefore, Mr. Chamberlain went on to say, we must have allies, or we might be attacked by a dangerous coalition, seconded by the unfriendly neutrality of the rest of the world. The obvious enemies are France and Russia; the natural allies, in the Far Eastern question, Japan and the United States; in Europe probably Italy, possibly Germany. These likely allies, therefore, it should be our aim to cultivate. The precise danger that is threatening us now neither the Premier nor his colleague has told us. The Niger question does not seem acute, and Russia is not likely to push matters to extremity before her railway is ready. But it is as well to be ready and not to live in a fool's paradise.

This, or nearly this, is almost all the substance that an average reader can extract from the famous speech. It is neither the announcement of an Anglo-American Alliance already concluded, as certain enthusiastic persons on both sides of the Atlantic seem to have thought, nor is it a suppliant plea for the help of the United States or of Germany, as some Americans and Germans have said. Certainly the present time is not one at which England would beg for American help, seeing that the States, owing to their unprepared condition, are having their work cut out to stalk such a dodo of a Power as Spain. One American journalist proudly declares that the United States will not consent to help England to smash the Mahdi, overawe the Boers, or defend the Pamirs. This is doubtless true; and one might also say that, if the United States *had* consented to help in each or all of these three enterprises, it passes the wit of man to see how on earth they would set about doing it.

Nobody expects a sudden alliance between the two great Anglo-Saxon Powers. The most that any sensible person thinks possible is that England will keep the ring clear and promptly quell any Continental plans of intervention in the present unpleasantness. Then, if, as is probable, the United States emerge from this war with the beginnings of a colonial empire and of an adequate army and navy, it is fair to look for common action on the part of the two Powers in spreading their similar institutions and civilisation and resisting all attempts to shut out their trade. Further, it is only fair to expect that in future both nations will know their friends, that England will cease to ignore Americans and American ways, and that Americans will give the Lion's tail a rest for a generation or two. And if a coalition threatens the existence of either State, the other will take a hand. This is quite enough, and this will probably come of itself in time, if we are not too previous. *Surtout, point de zèle!*

MARMITON.

HOW CHEMISTS ARE MADE.

They are made on the premises of the Pharmaceutical Society, 17, Bloomsbury Square, in January, April, July, and October, and the process is an extremely interesting one. The candidate must prove that he is twenty-one, has been three years registered as a student, and has passed a preliminary examination in Latin, arithmetic, and English. He must further ingratiate himself with the Society by a fee of five guineas. With the base ingratitude common to examining bodies, the Society thereupon summon him to appear before them and answer all sorts of perplexing questions dealing with Chemistry, Physics, Botany, Materia Medica, Pharmacy, Practical Dispensing, and Prescriptions. The examination, with some trifling exceptions, is *viva voce*.

The entrance to the place of trial is in Galen Place, which, winding out of Bury Street, brings intending candidates to the back of the Bloomsbury Square premises. Galen Place! The name alone is enough to inspire the diffident with terror. They are allowed a brief breathing space while the examiners select their prey, and then the fun begins. They are plied with problems about plants, their structure and classification. The table in front of the botany examiner is covered with what is vulgarly known as "green stuff," and he brings to bear on the candidate first one specimen and then the other. Does it belong to the Umbelliferae, Passifloraceae, Cucurbitaceae—? The humblest wayside flower may in a moment assume a fearful significance. Alas, the man to whom

A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him
And nothing more!

He would be plucked forthwith. It would have to be *Primula vulgaris*, Natural order, *Primulaceae*; an herbaceous perennial; habitat, the British Islands.

A practical examination in chemistry naturally occupies an important place. It is specially directed towards detecting impurities in the salts, acids, and other chemicals used in medicine, and to determining by analysis the active principles of potent drugs. His knowledge is then tested in Materia Medica, the recognition of the herbs, barks, flowers, fruits, seeds, juices, resins, and animal substances used in medicine. The terminology grows more awe-inspiring if possible. I cull a few: *Cinnamodendron corticosum*, *Solanum dulcamara*, *Marrubium vulgare*, *Pyrethrum cinerariaefolium*, &c. However, they lose some of their terrors on closer acquaintance; one turns out to be the Bitter-Sweet of the hedgerow, another Cinnamon-bark, and a third Horehound. There is a current tradition that a student, victorious so far, was pulled up by a cube of a curious substance of a pale-yellow colour. It was not wax or resin or spermaceti. What could it be? He gave it up. Imagine his chagrin when the examiner drily asked him how it was he didn't know soap when he saw it.

Prescriptions do not include so much, but the test is a severe one. Now that everybody has some Latinity, doctors, it is said, are driven to write badly to hide their intentions from their patients. So a choice selection of autograph prescriptions is set before the candidate to render into English, others to be translated into Latin. It is within the bounds of possibility that your doctor, in a moment of absent-mindedness, might order you an overdose of some deadly poison, and the aspirant is tested in the detection of such unfortunate errors of judgment. He is also examined as to his general knowledge of posology, or the science of doses.

Pharmacy, the next subject, embraces the formulæ of the British Pharmacopœia. Now the Pharmacopœia is the official cookery-book, if one may say so, and regulates the making of blue pill and black draught, collodion and confection, plaster and blister, solutions, syrups, and other pharmal mysteries. You must be familiar with the processes of distillation, desiccation, disintegration, sublimation, calcination, and lixiviation. You must be qualified to take up any of these perplexing operations at a given point and, at your peril, conduct them to a successful issue.

The largest percentage of failures takes place in Practical Dispensing. The dispensing department is a highly imaginative place. It is a chemist's shop without any customers, which, nevertheless, does a roaring trade. Eight candidates are at work at one time on pills and powders, with never an appreciative patient to swallow them. This throwing of physic to the dogs comes badly from a Society specially charged to promote its interests. Thirty candidates pass through this department on an examination-day. Now it seems easy to the lay mind, having read the prescription, to put the ingredients together in a bottle or gallipot. You are forced, however, by overwhelming facts, to admit that you are face to face with one of the high arts. One learns that even the order in which the drugs go into the bottle may be of importance. The disastrous effect of bringing alkali to acid or acid to alkali too precipitately must be guarded against, and chemical decomposition in all cases averted. There are compounds so inimical that when they come together they will even explode, or protest with spontaneous combustion. A right knowledge of excipients is to the good apothecary a life study. For on the choice of a fit excipient depends the ability to make a pill wherein all the component drugs are beautifully blended. Woe to the young gentleman whose mixture will not mix, whose pill has no consistency, or who, overcome by the occasion, gives his imaginary customer more of a poisonous drug than is good for him.

The examination, which is now at an end, takes from five to six hours. The happy ones receive the congratulations of the President, and go out fully fledged "chemists and druggists."

L. W. L.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to go up: Wednesday, May 25, 8.56; Thursday, 8.58; Friday, 8.59; Saturday, 9; Sunday, 9.1; Monday, 9.3; Tuesday, 9.4.

Particulars of the Cycle League started a fortnight ago, and numbering already between three and four thousand members, have reached me. This League, it seem, intends to work for the benefit not only of its members, but of the cycling community at large. One important matter



From the New York "Journal."

to which the League will devote its attention is the conveyance of cycles by rail, and, if it alone succeeds in lowering the railway rates, which at present are preposterously high, its *raison d'être* will be firmly established. The headquarters of the League are at Temple House, Temple, E.C., and full particulars can be obtained on application to the secretary.

The following quaint advertisement appears in a provincial newspaper: "Aged widower, ardent cyclist, wishes to meet fair girl of thirty-eight or forty, equally ardent, who will give him a comfortable home and remind him of his past life. No Irish need apply." Presumably, this ardent derelict considers the Hibernian temperament insufficiently inflammable. I would, therefore, advise him to communicate with some amorous maid of Spain, who, especially during the present crisis, would most likely prove ardent enough to ignite an icicle. In England a child-wife of forty anxious to "scorch" through life with a crumbling widower of retrospective tendencies is a commodity not easily discoverable.

Two more cases of blood-poisoning brought about through cycling without gloves have just come under my notice. Both victims were ladies. The one fell off her machine and cut her hand severely; the other ran against a wall, slightly scratching her knuckles. The latter lady has been very ill indeed, and for several days it was feared that her hand would have to be amputated. Now that summer is here, the temptation to ride with bare hands is greatly increased; but, really, the slight relief afforded by removing one's gloves is hardly worth the risk engendered thereby, as the best rider in the world is not proof against an unexpected fall. Moreover, I am told that certain provincial innkeepers now object to receive guests who ride with bare hands. Perhaps they also object to hearing the naked truth.

Mr. A. W. Gamage, the well-known pioneer of cheap prices, whose address is 118, 121, 126, &c., Holborn, has now on hand a quantity of cycling specialties well worth inspecting, and many bicycles at remarkably moderate prices. Special notice should be paid to his guinea wicker cycle-crates in which to convey bicycles by rail. Mr. Gamage supplies accessories for every sort of pastime and athletic sport, and is outfitter by special appointment to the famous Sports' Club. He has, also, opened a new department which is devoted mainly to photography and to photographic appliances and outfits.

Some ingenious person once compiled a lengthy list of the various uses to which that indispensable adjunct of feminine toilet, the hair-pin, might be put. But even this most humble but necessary article has its dangers. The other day a Luton lady was thrown from her bicycle, with the result that several hair-pins were driven into her skull. It is not to be expected that ladies will on this account abandon the exhilarating and health-giving pastime of the wheel, neither is it to be desired that they should relinquish the charm of a becoming coiffure. Here is an opportunity for someone to invent a mode of restraining the flowing locks which shall at the same time be safe in case of accident. A puncture of the skull is a much more serious matter than a puncture of the tyre. Would not a rubber-pointed hair-pin meet the case? I have not applied for a patent, but, should any enterprising firm take it up, I hope they will generously hand me over a share of the profits as an acknowledgment of the suggestion.

A short time ago I spent a most amusing and pleasant week in that Brighton of the North, Southport—a perfectly charming place for cyclists. I was told that formerly it abounded with riding-schools (I mean for horse-exercise), but now very few fair equestrians are to be seen upon the sands, the bicycle having almost entirely superseded the horse. The roads are exquisitely kept, and it is almost impossible to discover a spot of mud. I have seldom seen so many lady cyclists together, except at Battersea, or so many pretty, bright costumes. Owing to the visit of the Prince of Wales, there was a larger influx of visitors than usual, and it was by no means easy to steer one's way through the gay crowd.

Cycling with some definite object in view must necessarily have more interest than cycling merely for the sake of exercise. To my North Country readers I would commend as an object at this season of the year a visit to the sea-gulls' breeding-ground on Pilling Moss. The starting-point for this expedition may be either Preston or Lancaster. I chose the latter one bright, sunny day last week, and a spin of some ten or twelve miles along excellent roads brought me to the verge of the Moss. The bicycle must here be left at a farmhouse, for the remainder of the journey consists of a walk of half-a-mile or so over a spongy peat-moss. Here the visitor is met by the custodian of the gulls, who will conduct him to a patch of swampy ground not much more than an acre in extent, which forms the nesting-place of thousands of black-headed gulls. So close together are the nests that it is difficult to avoid treading upon them; but the keeper warns you to be careful not to hurt the fluffy little brown chicks, for the gulls are very strictly preserved. It is a curious and interesting sight—the ground covered with nests, and the sky darkened with a dense cloud of screaming birds. The Fylde district of Lancashire is an ideal country for cyclists; smooth, level roads, with excellent surface, while the fresh, invigorating breezes from the Irish Sea add much to the pleasure of the ride. Pilling Moss is also easily accessible from Lytham, Blackpool, or Fleetwood.

SHOOTING.

The Deccan Cup is the leading competition of the Annual Meeting of the Hyderabad Rifle Association, open to native troops. In October 1897 more than a dozen teams competed for the cup, which is valued at seven hundred rupees. The 28th Madras Infantry won the cup in the competition of 1897, beating the 25th Madras Infantry by one point only, the distances fired at being 200 and 500 yards. Each team consisted of eight competitors. The winning team scored 247 at 200 yards and 240 at 500 yards, thus making a grand total of 487 points. The man standing on the left of the photograph (Private Abdur Rahman) made the fine score of 66 out of a possible 70 at the two distances. The captain of the team, Subadar Ismail Khan, is the native officer on the left, sitting down. The cup, which is of solid silver, is an exquisite example of art silver-work, and was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of Regent Street.



THESE GALLANT SIKHS WON THIS CUP.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

If asked to name the best three-year-old in training at the present time, I should unhesitatingly plump for Cyllene. The chestnut son of Bonavista and Arcadia showed by his win in the Craven Stakes that he had come back to his best two-year-old form, and it is gratifying to all racegoers to know that that thorough sportsman Mr. C. D. Rose owns such a useful animal. It is, however, a matter for regret that the colt is not in any of the classic events of the year. Cyllene may run for the Gold Cup at Ascot, though I rather fancy he will be reserved for the Forty-Fifth Triennial. He would then run in the Breeders' Foal Stakes at Derby and the Breeders' Plate at Newmarket.

I am continually receiving complaints from people who have been welshed in the small rings at suburban race-meetings, and I do think the time has arrived for the Jockey Club to take up this matter. A plan I would suggest is that, in return for the price of a ring-ticket, an official badge be given to each bookmaker, no badges to be issued to unknown men or persons of doubtful character, and no bookmaker to be allowed to ply his calling unless he exhibited the badge on his coat. This would, I think, be some sort of guarantee to little punters that they were doing business with reliable men.

It is a matter for regret that Wildfowler should have gone amiss when his chance for the Derby appeared on paper to have been a rosy one, and, barring the sale of Galtee More, bad luck has attended the efforts of the Beekhampton stable this year. I am sorry for this, as Darling is a capable trainer and a real good fellow. The Derby now seems to be narrowed in compass, and I think Dieudonné will win, while Disraeli and Hawfinch may get places. I cannot forget that Watts in the early winter expressed the opinion that the Duke of Devonshire's colt would beat Hawfinch easily enough at even weights.

As I have before stated, Sir Blundell Maple ought to win the Oaks easily with Nun Nicer, as this filly stands far and away in front of the other horses entered. The Epsom Cup reads in the light of a good thing for Newhaven II., who is a useful animal, and the gossipers who started the story of Clipstone being the equal of the Australian were, I take it, romancing. Indeed, I shall not be at all surprised to see Newhaven II. beat Galtee More at Ascot, as I know Wood was much relieved when Mr. Gubbins's colt had got home all right for the St. Leger, and I do not think the son of Kendal has developed into a stayer.

Captain Machell and his cousin, Mr. C. J. Blake, own a useful horse in Blackwing, who should have little difficulty in winning the Coventry Stakes at Ascot, as the smart American is not in this race. I still think the last-named the best of his year that we have seen out up to now, although Eventail is very likely to go on improving, and she may win at Manchester for the Prince of Wales if sent to the meeting. I am told John Porter will run two or three useful two-year-olds at Ascot, and, with M. Cannon in the saddle, they are certain to be followed.

Mornington Cannon soon recovered from what at first looked like a very nasty accident, for a bruise often gives more trouble than a broken bone to an ordinary citizen, but a jockey who lives steadily and is all the time in good health seemingly can withstand any mishap. Cannon, as

book shows that he always takes care to win well, by half a length if possible, and not merely a head.

The Manchester Whitsuntide Cup has not yielded well. In fact, the acceptance is one of the poorest of the year for a big race, and it may be that owners do not like the course. John Porter has left in Labrador and St. Bris, and the former will be better suited by the distance than he



MR. C. D. ROSE'S CYLLENE, WINNER OF THE NEWMARKET STAKES.
Photo by Clarence Hatley, Newmarket.

was at Chester. I think Tom Cannon owns a dangerous candidate in Amphidamas, who has run well over the course before, and who was most unlucky to lose the Liverpool Spring Cup this year. 6 st. 6 lb. is nothing of a weight for an aged horse—that is, if the animal is worth keeping in training at all.

CAPTAIN COE.

FOOTBALL.

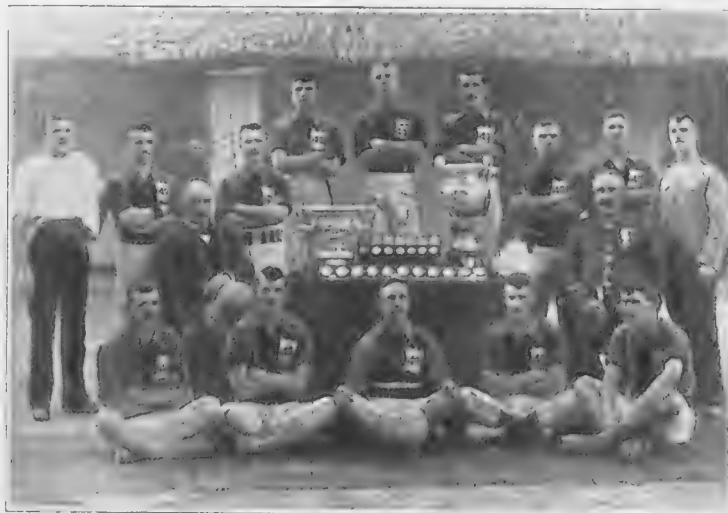
"Russian aggression" has not eclipsed the gaiety of young Hong-Kong. Our countrymen there keep England green in their memories by playing football. A club was started six or seven years ago, and plays both Rugby and Association. This year it has lost the shield, which was carried off by the Kowloon Football Club.

Here is the regimental football team of the 1st Battalion of the Black Watch and the honours they have acquired since they went to India in 1896. I am indebted for the photograph to Bandsman Smith.

The Great Northern Railway have done the most sensible thing in the way of guide-books I have seen. They have issued, under the editorship



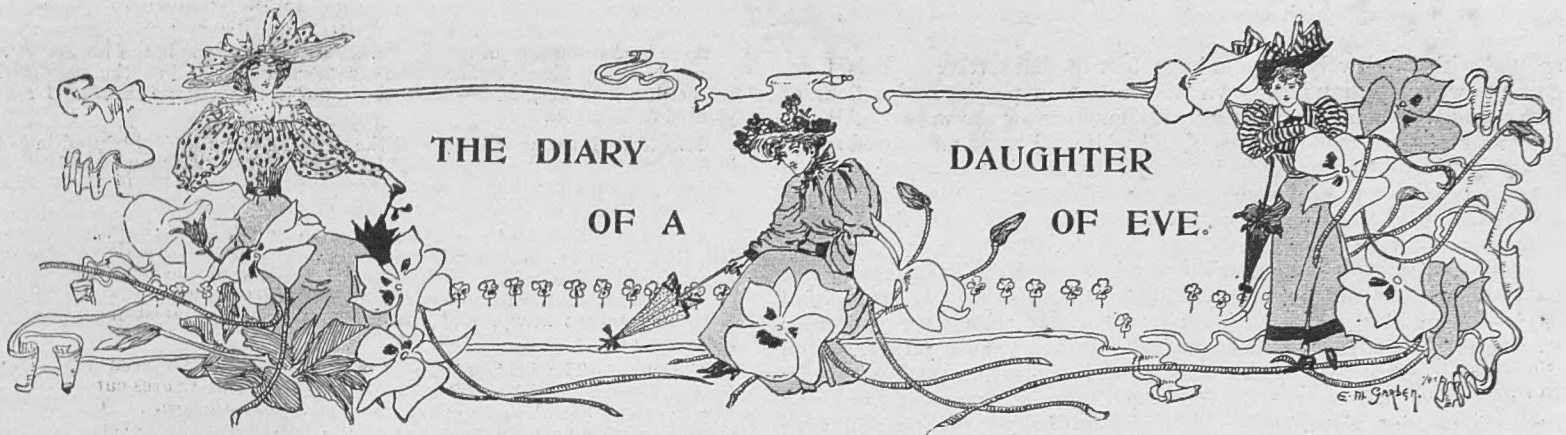
THE HONG-KONG FOOTBALL CLUB.



FOOTBALL TEAM OF THE 1ST BATTALION BLACK WATCH.

his average shows, is, if anything, riding better than ever this season, and I still think he will head the list, as he will get some useful mounts at Newmarket, Ascot, and Goodwood later on. Cannon's critics sometimes aver that he cuts his finishes too fine at times, but the

of Mr. Charles Eyre Pascoe, a series of penny books on various places, neatly illustrated and interestingly written. This is far better than the elaborate guides to the whole system that have hitherto been offered to travellers.



Monday.—I am haunted by house-decorators. Julia is doing up her house, Florrie is taking a new cottage, and each respectively drags me into corners to consult as to whether a coved ceiling is essential to a Marie Antoinette boudoir, and whether English rural surroundings are altogether incompatible with Japanese embroideries. The ideal furniture for a

and wardrobes possess the special virtue of having space to hold things. Florrie says that all day long I have been muttering "Heal and Son, Heal and Son, Heal and Son," with the persistency of a professional advertiser, but I really like their notions so much. Their beds, too, are most attractive, made of new hygienic wood with iron



AN EVENING-DRESS.



A WALKING-DRESS.

[Copyright.]

country house I have just discovered in a book issued by Heal and Sons, of Tottenham Court Road, with notes by Gleeson White. It is a most fascinating book, and the illustrations, standing out clear and white on the black canvas network, add considerably to its attractions. There is no doubt about it—Florrie must furnish the cottage from Heal's. Their straight oak furniture, with hammered steel hinges and handles, is the ideal of simplicity, and yet so elegant, while the dressing-tables have the very wide glass of our latest fancy, and the drawers

laths. They are in half-a-dozen different shapes, with panelled fronts and backs, and some of them are fitted with railings for curtains and others are quite plain. And in this book, too, which excites in me such admiration for Heal's, there are two pictures of complete rooms with oaken ceilings and plaster friezes. I know I can easily convince Florrie if I put that book into an envelope and post it forthwith; then, if she fail to agree with me, I shall write her down immediately as a woman of no taste and less judgment.

I felt inclined thus to label her yesterday when she refused to admire a new hat of mine, which was quite beautiful, made of white chip with tucks of black chip upon it, turned up in the front with white lisse spotted with black velvet, and a huge bow of black velvet. This I am going to wear with my new gown of mauve thin poplin, with a fichu of lace round the shoulders, hanging with ends below the waist. All the hats in Paris are made of black and white. Florrie murmured something gently about having a hat made to match the dress; this is totally unnecessary, and would not be following in the footsteps of Fashion. Black hats and black-and-white hats are the correct crowning-points to costume.

And writing of black and white reminds me that I have just bought an evening-cloak of charming and delightful detail. It came from Jay's—I can hear my readers say, "Of course, else were you more sparing of your adjectives in its praise." It has a short jacket, cut on the cross in gores and piped. This is of ivory satin, lined with pale turquoise-blue, and it has a drapery round the shoulders, half hood and half fichu, of fine black lace, much frilled with ivory chiffon, and with an ivory chiffon ruffle at the throat. I am about to observe with another poet—

I love it, I love it,
And who shall dare
To chide me for loving
That new cloak there.

Alas! it is not there—I wish it were; it has not come home yet. I am awaiting its arrival with intense anxiety.

Wednesday.—What a devoted sister I am! To-day Julia has been claiming my attention. The renovation of her house absorbs her every moment, and she insists that it shall absorb mine.

We went to Waring's, and I really enjoyed myself thoroughly, although I grumbled at Julia all the time for dragging me about. There is a charming art in Waring's designs for decorating rooms, and their newest wall-papers are all reproductions from old silks and brocades. The prices are inexpensive too, and they have some lovely copies of old Florentine velvet and gold designs. And their flock-paper—always the most effective of papers—looks like brocaded velvet raised in a pattern, and over this there are scattered thin threads of velvet to give the exact effect of material. This is done by a new process, and the result is wonderful. Of course, it involves a vast amount of work. Julia chose a lovely one of these in shaded green velvet for the dining-room. I spent many hours turning over the old patterns of chintzes which have been copied for bedroom papers. Brown wall-papers are a novelty which Waring's showed us too, and another is a paper of canvas which succeeds in simulating the effect of tapestry at a very trivial expense. A room we saw that I loved very much had two panels of old tapestry and all the rest canvas. And a panelled ceiling flocked in dark-brown and yellow represented most admirably beams of wood. Waring's are great on tapestry, and they have some fine old furniture on show, and rooms fitted up in every possible old and modern style. There was an Adams room that Julia wanted to transport bodily away. We spent three hours at 175, Oxford Street, but I know I shall return every day this week. Dear Julia is a nice woman when she shops; she makes up her mind *finally* every ten minutes, and always on a different basis. She did take me out later and give me some lunch at the Continental, though, and a very good lunch it was too. I like this place; it is just in the midst of the most pleasing part of London, and yet you can eat there in comfort, without noise. Julia told me about an amateur performance of a new play called "Rights and Privileges" at the Victoria Hall last Thursday, and she prophesied a future for Miss Beatrice Webb, who made her debut there, saying that she and Mr. Powell helped to make the show a success; while Mr. Bernard Macdonald proved that he could play admirably the part both of author and teacher, for he wrote the play, and Miss Webb is his pupil.

We walked up Regent Street later, met two or three worthy frocks, did our duty by an afternoon reception, and arrived home at six o'clock feeling sufficiently fatigued to enjoy the prospect of a dinner-party and a dance. Of such are the social joys of London just now.

But one beautiful frock whose charms printed themselves firmly on my mind must be chronicled for the benefit of my contemporaries and for posterity.

This was made of pervenche voile, spotted with velvet of the same colour; it had a collar of many tuckings of plain voile in a long shape over the shoulders, displaying a front of écarle lace worked with a very small pattern in narrow mauve velvet ribbons, and round the waist was a belt of mauve velvet, while the hat was of different shades of mauve turned up in the front with a bunch of damask roses guileless of leaves, and the parasol was of mauve crêpe-de-Chine with a silken fringe. A good costume—a most good costume!

TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

EILEEN.—No, I do not care for that proposed combination. A rose-coloured tulle hat, trimmed with black feathers, would be much nicer; or a black tulle hat, with just a few folds of rose-colour at the back, turned up in the front with two black feathers, would be a success. If the skirt is to go with the bodice, it ought to match it, but I am afraid from your description the colour is too bright. Could you not keep that blouse for evening wear? It sounds more suitable for such service, and then you could have a grey skirt to match your grey hat, and a soft bodice of white lace covered with yellow lace. This is what I should propose.

RAW-CHAW.—Leave your own "At Home" card and one of your husband's. There is a book on etiquette written by Mrs. Armstrong, who also writes on the subject in the *Lady's Pictorial*. If you apply to the office of that paper, I am

sure you will get it at once—I forget who the publishers are. Also, "Madge" of *Truth* has published a book on etiquette, called "Manners for Women." The publisher of this is James Bowden, 10, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. Either of these books would be of use to you. I should have the hat of blue straw, with a huge bunch of blue lobelia or blue cornflowers in it. Have the costume lined with either blue or mauve—not yellow, under any circumstances. I am very pleased to help you.

M. C. T.—I am most sorry, but the play has never been produced in London in my time, and I have not the slightest idea of what the dress should be; but I will try, by writing to the Lyceum Theatre, to get all details for you. This may take some little time; however, rely upon my best services.

FLYAWAY.—Excellent boots you can get from the American Shoe Company, 165, Regent Street. I know their virtues from personal experience. Drape the hat with white lisse with a black velvet spot upon it, fastening this upon one side with a black ostrich-feather and a white ostrich-feather. You will not find it by any means heavy, and you will arrive at the latest fashion at a very moderate outlay.

CONSUELA.—The best pattern of a bed-jacket I have seen is at Jay's, in Regent Circus. This is made of pink satin, with the sleeves cut in a very novel way to extend the whole length of the seam under the arms. The jacket itself is quite short and sets on the cross, and round the neck is a collar of lisse and lace. If you go up to Jay's, in the tea-gown department, and show them this description, they will know at once which model it refers to. No, indeed, I do not think you can do better than this establishment for your grey gown. That new stuff is called "Eolienne." I have no experience of its wear, but its appearance is charming. Biscuit-colour you should choose, trimmed with yellow lace.

NINA.—A pale-blue hat, without a doubt, trimmed with black velvet, spotted with white, and a bunch of cherries to complete the effect. How clever of you to be able to do this yourself! The best of the shirts I have seen this year are those made of Liberty satin on the simplest principles, merely decorated with insertions and beadings. The necktie is made of the satin to match, with the ends tucked and frilled with lace. For the coat and skirt, blue serge I advise most cordially. It is not a novel idea, but it really is the most useful fabric in the world. You may have brass buttons if you like, and there is no reason why the collar should not be of embroidered lawn. The skirt on the new principle, but please do not have it too long, for it is so uncomfortable if you want to wear the gown for walking or boating.

LITTLE MARCHIONESS.—I have looked up that matter for you, and wonder whether you want the gipsy costume of Preciosa or when she appears as a dancing-girl. For the latter you could take any liberty you like, covering the dress well with jewels. For the former you should choose an ordinary Spanish gipsy—take Carmen as your model, and make the skirt shorter.

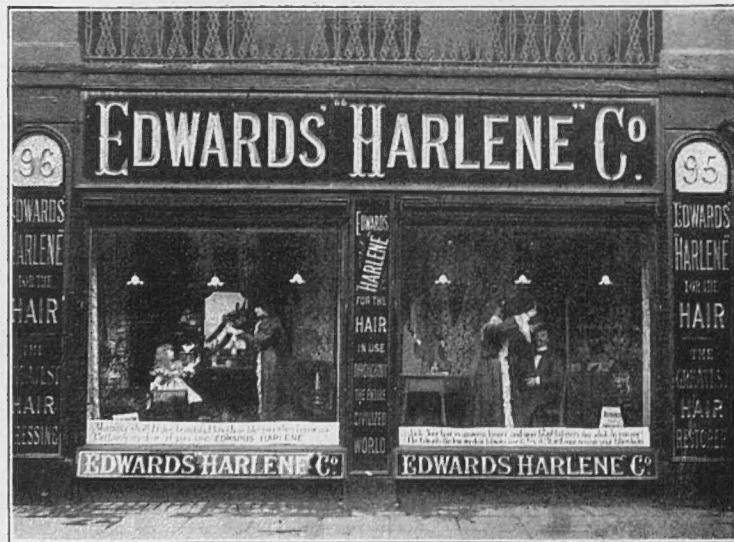
JOCK.—Those fob ribbons you want you can get from Wilson and Gill, 134, Regent Street. They made two for me at Christmas, and they were a great success.

M. C. D.—The Editor has handed your letter to me, asking me to reply to the latter part of it. Believe me, the costumes written about in these columns are those which are going to be worn, being mostly the latest Paris inventions, which never appear in London till quite a year after their birth. I get all my information from Paris, the Capital of clothes; and were I to write of the fashions which are going to appear there next year, their details would be of no use to you whatever. We never over here adopt a style in a hurry—we leisurely think of it for a couple of Seasons before we take advantage of it. For example, think of the tight sleeves. Last year I mentioned their existence; it is only this year we are wearing them; and the same may be justly said of the tight bodices. To-day I mention them; next year we shall wear them. In England we still adopt the pouch, you know. You may write to me and explain to me on all occasions what it is you want to know and command my services.

VIRGINIA.

A NOVEL ADVERTISEMENT.

The ingenuity of advertisers knows no end. I have long noticed the excellent pictorial advertisements of a certain "Hair Restorer," which is compounded in High Holborn, but I was surprised when passing this establishment the other day to see the pavement blocked with a crowd



HERE IS A QUAIN SHOP IN HIGH HOLBORN.

gazing into the window. There I saw two of these illustrated advertisements, as it were, personified. They were advertisements drawn by that well-known *Illustrated London News* artist, Forestier, and here they were reproduced with wax figures in motion. I was so interested that I had the accompanying photograph taken of the shop.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on June 8.

MONEY

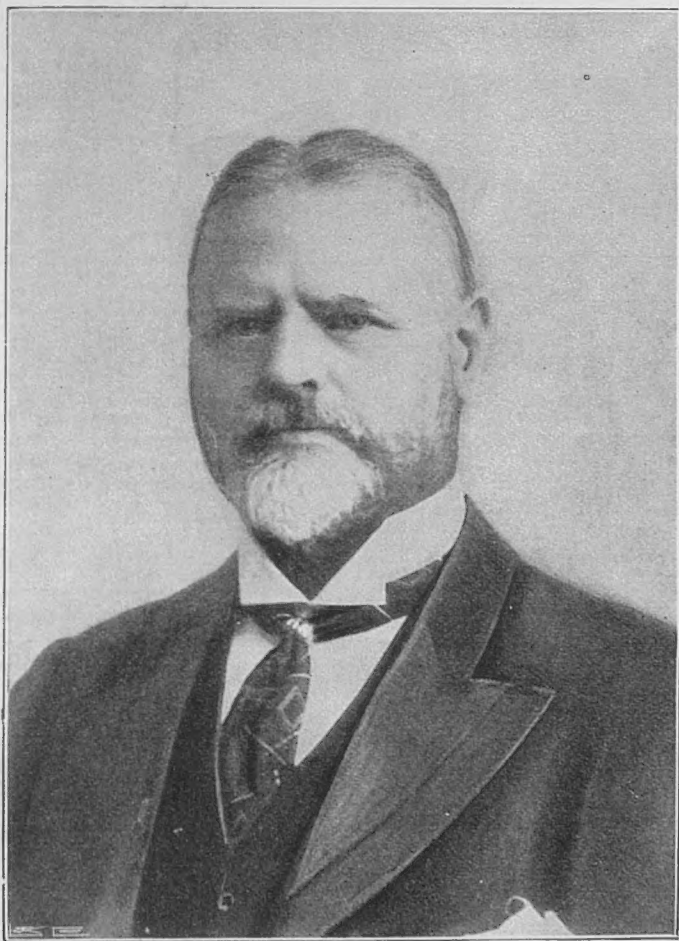
Instead of anything having occurred during the past week to induce the Bank Directors to raise the rate, the changes have been in quite the opposite direction. It is something rather out of the common to find an increase of $2\frac{1}{2}$ in the ratio of reserve to liabilities in a single week, even when things are going as everybody would wish. But such an increase is shown by the Bank return, the rise being from $43\frac{1}{4}$ to $46\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., and this occurs when our leading statesmen are breathing out fire and slaughter indiscriminately. There is nothing in the intrinsic conditions of the Money Market to cause disquietude, or even a reasonable anticipation of a rise in the Bank of England rate. The extrinsic conditions are those with which we have to count; and as these are mainly political, it follows that they are inscrutable. At the time of writing everything pointed to a continuance of easy money rates, if not even to a recurrence to a still lower level.

HOME RAILS.

The movements in Home Railway stocks continue to be meaningless, so far as any outsider can judge. There are exceptions, and a notable one of these we deal with in another paragraph. But, exceptional instances apart, there is no assignable reason for the majority of the fluctuations. In speaking of assignable reasons, we should never think of imputing to jobbers the inability, under any circumstances whatever, to "assign" a reason for movements in prices. If they have nothing of real value to say, they tell you that a fall is due to the realisation of a trust estate, or a rise to "investment purchases on a limited market." Sometimes they descend to saying that several buyers (or sellers, as the case may be) came in.

THE GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY.

The foregoing remarks are in no way applicable to the recent active demand which has sprung up for the issues of the Great Central Railway



MR. W. POLLITT, GENERAL MANAGER OF THE GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Company. We feel almost sorry that the name of the company has been changed. It is a vast improvement on the fearsome title of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company; but we were brought up to know it under that name, and there is something at present which is painfully new about "Great Central." It reads as if it ought to be marked "Wet Paint." But, to all appearance, the company is going to justify the title which it has appropriated. It will not be long ere its London terminus and the connections with the North are complete. In many quarters the difficulties to be encountered were regarded as insuperable—not only on account of the cost, but also on account of the inevitable opposition of the rival trunk lines which have their termini in the North of London. But, still, these difficulties have been overcome, the necessary capital has been raised, and the big scheme is, to all intents, a *fait accompli*. There have been many struggles for shares of this

great trunk line business from North to South. When the Midland took part in it its prospect of success looked very poor—but it did succeed. The M. S. and L. (we beg pardon, the Great Central) comes into London direct under much better conditions than did the Midland, barring the enhanced cost of the works and plant. The cost of Parliamentary opposition it has had to face, but it has been saved such furious competition in rates as took place in 1856, when, according to Mr. Acworth, "a man could book from York to London and back for five shilling first-class and half-a-crown third"; or in 1862, when "the Lancashire folks were taken to London to see the Exhibition and brought back again for the modest sum of half-a-crown." We wish the Great Central success, because it would be in the public interest. Competition is always healthy.

WEST AUSTRALIA.

The following letter from the pen of Mr. Raymond Radclyffe deals with the true position of things Westralian and the true principles on which shareholders in mining properties should look at the various schemes which are from time to time put before them. We are not always in accord with Mr. Radclyffe's views, and we have printed not a few letters from his pen in which the opinions expressed did not, at the moment, coincide with our own, but we confess that, as a rule, we have been wrong and our correspondent right. As far as his remarks this week go, we most cordially endorse every word he writes—

WEST AUSTRALIAN MINES AND MINING.

The West Australian Chamber of Mines in London issues each month a statement of gold returns past and present of all West Australian mines. As the committee is mainly composed of West Australian promoters, the true object of the association must be, I imagine, to boom West Australia. But whatever the primary motive which gave the Chamber its existence, the work it now does is both accurate and useful. But the figures are not particularly cheerful reading. The total output of gold is good—that for the past four months being 306,597 oz.; but the bulk of this comes from the big mines, while the other mines which are turning out gold are *not* those whose shares have been boomed during the past two years. No one can help wondering what has become of all the hundreds of mines floated in the "boom" time—their names never crop up in the official list of gold-producers. The financial papers devote much space to reports of their meetings, to their mine-managers' reports, and to the never-ending schemes of reconstruction with which they try to keep alive. When will shareholders learn that the only way to test the value of a mine is by its output?

Lake View has given us 127,971 $\frac{1}{4}$ oz., Great Boulder 195,072 oz., Ivanhoe 54,587 $\frac{1}{4}$ oz., Lady Shenton 30,157 $\frac{1}{4}$ oz., Brownhill 38,548 oz., Boulder Perseverance 33,220 oz., Associated (from the Australia) 45,005 oz. Here we have at one glance the mines worth consideration; the rest are mere gambles. They may turn out well; they may end in failure. Some of them, such as the Robinson, are carefully managed and have paid dividends. Some, such as the North Boulder, would have done well had they been better looked after. Others seemed doomed to dry rot; in these I must include the Menzies Gold Estates, Menzies Crusoe, and Menzies Consolidated—all good gold-producers, but all very badly managed.

A study of the statistics of the Chamber of Mines proves what I have so often said in these columns—namely, that the average yield per ton is steadily declining and will continue to decline. The past yield of the Lake View is 2 oz. 6 dwt., present yield 1 oz. 1 dwt., exclusive of tailings; Boulder 3 oz. 1 dwt., present 2 oz. 5 dwt.; Ivanhoe past yield 2 oz., present 1 oz. 11 dwt.; Burbank's past 2 $\frac{1}{2}$, present about 1 oz. 7 dwt.; Brownhill 4 oz. 6 dwt., present 2 oz. 5 dwt.; and so on all through the list. No one who knows anything about mining ever expected anything else. Few mines ever keep up the averages with which they started existence. The mines of West Australia were all exceptionally rich at surface—so rich that we all thought they would pinch out at depth. They have not, but naturally their ore-values have decreased. The Lake View is a one-ounce show, the Boulder not much better. The Australia is better, but its reef is refractory and not so wide.

But these reduced yields will not matter very much if the shareholders will insist upon economical management. Things in West Australia are settling down. There are many good men out of work, wages are lower, and labour is both better and more plentiful. Expenses of mining and milling should be 25 per cent. lower than they were a year ago, and 50 per cent. lower than when Hamman's was booming. The Government intends to carry out its water scheme, and its railways through the field will cheapen the cost of machinery and tools. Therefore the good mines should keep up their dividends even upon a reduced yield.

As for the bad ones, the sooner they are decently buried the better. No shareholder should ever join a reconstruction scheme. I do not think that one such scheme in every hundred ever results in anything but failure. Occasionally a good mine may be saved by a little extra milling capital, which can only be obtained by reconstruction; but, as a rule, a company only reconstructs in order that the promoters may get out of their shares. I understand that the committee appointed to examine into the affairs of the Market Trust have decided to recommend reconstruction. Of course. No one expected anything else. Practically, the committee represented the creditors, and, as creditors, they could only get paid if they could get more money from the shareholders. No amount of reconstruction can make the securities of the Market Trust valuable.

Not all the money in the world will increase the value of the ore bodies in Western Australia, and it is upon the ascertained values of these ore bodies that the future of the mining industry in that colony rests. Stock Exchange quotations may fluctuate, but until the mines can increase their yield by bigger reduction plants, and add to their profits by reduced working expenses, we shall see no new "boom" in West Australia. Shareholders who join reconstruction schemes in proved worthless properties are therefore throwing good money after bad.

Nearly all the mines now being dealt in on the Stock Exchange have been carefully tested during the past few years, and those that have failed cannot be made into successes by reconstruction. They have failed for want not of money, but merit. It is hardly worth while saying anything here about New Zealand, except to point out that what we wrote now nearly two years ago is being proved correct. Woodstocks are a good example. If there is to be any revival in the mining market, I think it likely to come in New South Wales, where the success of the Gibraltar and Gallymont may put heart into the long-suffering investor. But I am not hopeful. Two mines will not make a boom, and the other New South Wales properties have failed to come up to expectations.

DEADLY DULL.

Things on the Stock Exchange appear as far from mending as ever, and loud are the complaints of both jobbers and brokers in every market

as to the lack of business. The warnings of our responsible Ministers, the Spanish war, which looks like being long-drawn-out, and the fear of European complications, make everybody but the professional operator inclined to hoard money rather than invest or speculate with it at the moment, so that even the big finance houses have ceased from trying under such inauspicious circumstances to put prices up. Groups controlling particular stocks find out that, buy as much as ever they may, the public refuses to come in, and in the majority of cases have given the game up until the signs of the times alter considerably; nor is this to be wondered at when we find the new Greek loan, oversubscribed as it was, quoted at $\frac{1}{2}$ discount to par, and the majority of other new issues at corresponding figures. The wisest thing our readers can do is to follow the prevailing fashion and avoid speculation until the air is a little clearer.

THE SOUTHAMPTON LOAN.

Nothing can more eloquently express the state of affairs in the Stock Markets than the result of the call for tenders from the Corporation of Southampton for the 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. loan of £120,000. The minimum price was 101, and there were only thirteen tenders in all, of which one represented the whole loan at the lowest price, and the other twelve a miserable £6500 at various trifles above. The Corporation has got its money, but at an average of £101 0s. 2d., and only twelve small investors all over the country could be found to apply for any of it.

THE WEST AUSTRALIAN TRUST SCHEME.

It is generally understood that the Committee which was appointed at the meeting of this unfortunate Bottomley baby the other day has reported in favour of a reconstruction with an assessment of 5s. per share, and that the creditors, or, at least, the principal ones, have agreed to accept 12s. in cash and 8s. in fully paid shares for their debts. It remains to be seen whether or not the hard-hit shareholders will be able and willing to take up the new shares and pay their assessments. That there will be more enthusiastic meetings, cheers for the managing director, whose only fault was a little error in calculation, and suchlike fireworks, goes without saying, for by this time cool-headed men of business have learnt to realise that Mr. Bottomley, just like Mr. Rhodes, can at least count on a cheering multitude, even under the most depressing circumstances; but, the more the position is considered, the more uncomfortable does it appear, for what working capital will the concern have to play with after the assessment is paid and the creditors have got their 12s. in the pound? It is always wise to make the best of a bad bargain, and there is clearly very little to do but pay up and look pleasant; but if, when the scheme is carried out, holders can get, say, 9s. apiece for the new shares, the prudent ones will take it. As for the assets, we all know what they are, and the committee's estimate of their value will not make us believe in their value.

THE RAND.

The following extract from a private letter, written by a gentleman in Johannesburg to a friend, gives by no means an encouraging picture of the position. It was written with no idea of publication, and by a very old resident—

Things here are bad beyond description. I hardly dare think what is to become of the place. It is just possible that we may get some slender reforms this session from the Raad. If we don't, if instead they put a tax on gold or dividends (but I don't think they will, in spite of "bear" assertions), then you will be able to buy Kaffirs much cheaper still. But my own idea is that the time to buy Kaffirs is now, and that by *some means or other* certain reforms will be carried through the Raad at a time when the public are sceptical, and naturally so after the disappointment of last year.

For a long time we have been endeavouring to arrange for letters from Rhodesia upon which our readers could rely as giving a true account of the state of affairs and the mining prospects of Matabeleland, and we are pleased to announce that our Johannesburg correspondent is now on his way to Bulawayo, and that the first of his letters from Charterland should reach us in the course of the next month.

J. W. BENSON, LIMITED.

The jewellery trade appears to be in a flourishing state, if we may judge by the first annual report of this company. The net profits have been £56,139, and, what is more satisfactory still, the appropriation of them is both prudent and reasonable. The Ordinary shares get 10 per cent., the reserve fund is credited with £12,000, and ample provision is made for depreciation, while a balance of £8,820 is carried forward. The shares, both Preference and Ordinary, appear a sound industrial security and likely to take rank in the highest class—of their kind.

AMERICAN RAILS.

It would be idle to discuss the merits of any individual American railroad, or of anything American, until that Spanish fleet is discovered, which may possibly occur before these "City Notes" are in the hands of our readers. But its success in eluding the Yankees has hitherto been so great that we fully sympathise with the Stock Exchange in regarding the market in American Rails as a subject for dulness and quietude. There is not in it even the interest generally accorded by professional operators who are in the swim. If they do not see their way before them, who can?

INTERNATIONAL STOCKS.

It is surprising to find how little effect has been brought about by all this pother, on the Government stocks which would be disastrously

affected by any serious outcome of the war between the United States and Spain, and still more so by further developments such as were foreshadowed by Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain. One would have thought that there would have been some excitement in that department. Excitement has arisen there on much slighter provocation, but here, as elsewhere, we get back to the fact which has been notorious throughout, that nobody seems to take seriously, from the financial point of view, either the war or the rumours of war. Stagnation with a touch of nervousness seems to be the order of the day on all the Stock Exchanges, and members of the London Stock Exchange are petitioning as usual for a holiday on the Saturday preceding Whit-Monday.

SANTA RITA NITRATE.

In his speech to the shareholders of this company, Mr. Henry W. Lowe is reported as having said that, "With regard to the nitrate and iodine stocks, they are taken nominally at cost price, but, on going into the figures, we are convinced that they are taken rather under cost price, and we would rather that this should be so than that they should be taken at a higher figure." That is all very right and proper, in a way; but would it not have been better to go into the figures *before* publishing the report instead of *after*? They are admittedly inaccurate, while the concluding remark belongs to the category of things which most people would rather have said differently. When the question was raised at all, would it not have been infinitely more important to state what is the *value* of the stuff at current market prices? In nitrate concerns, after all, this is really more important than anything else.

THE BRITISH HYDRAULIC JOINTING COMPANY, LIMITED.

The long-talked-of Hydraulic Jointing Company has at last issued its prospectus, which for several months now has been expected. The Board is undoubtedly a very powerful one, despite the death of Colonel Dyer, who was to have been a director. We are not experts in the value of mechanical inventions, nor have we had an opportunity of seeing the opinions of Sir Frederick Bramwell and Major-General Hutchinson as to the utility of the inventions; but, as these are offered for inspection, we presume they are favourable. The company claim that one of the many patents to be acquired by them is a master patent, and will confer a monopoly of jointing tubular structures by the direct application of hydraulic power. The capital is £1,200,000 in shares of £1, of which 800,000 are offered for subscription.

Saturday, May 21, 1898.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

J. B. B.—Your letter got mislaid, hence the delay, for which we apologise. (1) The mine looks like a dead horse. You will probably save a trifle by selling if you can find a buyer, but with mines there is always the off-chance of finding something. (2) These mines are first-class concerns. We prefer the second, but the market is a limited one. Day Dawn Blocks would be safer, as far as free dealing goes. (3) *Lady's Pictorial* 5 per cent. preference, or Chadburn's Ship Telegraph 6 per cent. preference, or Mellin's Food Company for Australia 6 per cent. preference would all suit you. (4) These shares are good holding.

EMIN.—(1) Because the cycle trade is very bad and the company is supposed to be doing none too well. (2) Not for our money. (3) If you mean Kent Coal, we doubt it. (4) You will have to pay up unless you can find some misrepresentation in the prospectus, and even then we do not think you would be a gainer by bringing an action for rescission with so small a sum at stake.

J. C.—We also hear the company is doing very well, and we know insiders are buying; but it is doubtful whether the Ordinary shares are not better to buy than the Deferred.

A. A.—Your letter was fully answered on the 19th inst.

C. H. W.—We do not like Nos. 1, 2, and 7 on your list, and suggest you invest in Nos. 4, 5, 6, 8, and in Louisville 6 per cent. General Mortgage, Northern Pacific Prior Lien bonds, and United States Brewing Company 6 per cent. Mortgage debentures in addition.

TREASURE HUNTER.—We really forget the name of the company, but it never found anything, and is, we think, wound up.

FRENCH.—The Margarine shares are depressed because there is no Stock Exchange business going on. They cannot be considered a first-class security, but the dividend appears well secured for the present at least. If political troubles and fears of war would clear off, they might well go back to your price; but, of course, if this country was to get involved in war they would go much lower.

GLEVUM.—The shares are first-rate as an investment, and the price charged for dynamite in the Transvaal has nothing to do with the profits of the company. We have not space to explain this fully, but you may be sure what we say is true.

NAMYON.—Divide your money between the following: Grand Trunk 4 per cent. debentures; Bombay and Baroda Railway Ordinary stock, Indian Midland Railway Ordinary stock, Illinois Central First Mortgage bonds, Pennsylvania 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Gold bonds, and Guinness 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference stock, and you will be able to sleep in peace.

M. A. S.—We do not remember ever speaking *very highly* of the cycle shares. All cycle companies are engaged in a speculative trade, and what with wet weather and great competition they are mostly doing badly. If the shares were our own, we should clear out; but it is very difficult to learn how individual companies are doing, and we may be wrong.

DAVOS.—You will find it cheaper in the end to cut your loss at once; but, if you *do* join the reconstruction and pay up a trifle, sell as soon as you can, and for anything you can get over and above what you have paid.